

# The Listener

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## Making and Using Nature Films

By JULIAN HUXLEY

*Mr. Julian Huxley, who was jointly responsible with Mr. R. M. Lockley for the film, 'The Private Life of the Gannets', gives the first of a series of twelve talks on the making of nature films*

MY film was the direct outcome of a visit to Grassholme in the company of Mr. Lockley, the naturalist, with whom I was staying on his island home off the Welsh coast. Grassholme is the abode of a huge breeding colony of gannets, those great seabirds which catch fish by diving for them from a height. The sight, as we climbed over the crest of the little islet, took my breath. Except perhaps for the half-million flamingoes on Lake Nakuru in Kenya, I have never seen any spectacle of living nature to rival it. Acres of great white birds sitting on their nests in close and regular array over the rocky slopes—thousands of them, with hundreds more wheeling in the air.

As soon as I had taken my fill of looking, I said to Lockley, 'Someone ought to make a film of this. Why shouldn't we do it?'

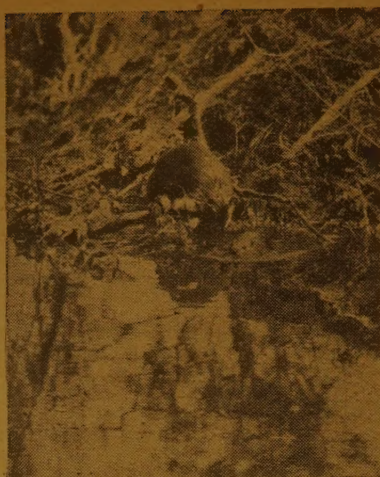
That is how it began; and that, I think, is how most nature films ought to begin—in a desire to capture on the film something vital and exciting: when nature has made a vivid impression on our minds, to record it in such a way that it makes the same sort of impression on other minds. It is no good trying to make a nature film out of random potterings through the fields and woods, no good choosing a subject because you think it ought to be chosen or in order to educate people—the subject has got to choose itself by being interesting and exciting.

That, however, isn't all—it has got to be capable of making its impression by means of the cinema. For a nature-lover, a walk along the hedgerows on a summer evening may be a thrilling experience: but the impression depends in part on the feel of the air, on scents, delicate colours and distant sounds, not to mention all the knowledge and the associations in his mind: it might be possible for a writer to convey something of this impression to his audience, but impossible or at best unprofitable to try to do so by way of a film.

And, of course, even when you have found the right sort of subject, or when it has found you, you can only ensure its making the same sort of impression in a film by mastering the technique. It is a very common mistake to suppose that, because something has roused your emotions, therefore any record of it is bound to rouse similar emotions in others. This is the common error of so many unsuccessful poets, novelists, and painters. In the same way the naturalist who has wanted tensely to record some incident of bird life on his film too often forgets that the audience at the cinema will not share that tenseness unless his technique forces it on them. Many sequences in nature films that look dull on the screen were exciting to take. This is where cutting comes in. But I am anticipating: let me get back to the gannets.

Gannets are good film material. They are spectacular and by nature so tame (or so stupid) that in filming them, one runs up against very few of the usual technical difficulties of the bird photographer. It isn't even necessary to





Beaver: three scenes from a Canadian film dealing with the life of the beaver

build a hide: you set up your camera and wait until something interesting happens.

We camped on the island for a week in June—Lockley and I to be responsible for the general direction and the natural history, two camera-men to deal with the actual photography, Mrs. Lockley to look after us all. Another shorter visit was needed in August to get the later stages in the life-history; and to film the diving of the birds for their prey involved several days aboard a herring-drifter. Two cameras, with huge tripods and a large assortment of short and long focus lenses, a slow-motion attachment, six thousand feet of film, portable developing apparatus and some hides comprised our technical equipment. Sound apparatus could not be landed or used on the rocky islet.

Eventually we returned with well over a mile of celluloid exposed. Then began the next phase in the making of the film—that of cutting. This is just as difficult in its way as the original taking, and involves equal skill. The cutter has to be stern with the naturalist. It is the instinct of the man who has helped in getting the material on the spot to want to keep as much in as possible. It is the duty of the cutter to take out everything that is not essential.

Then, of course, there is the commentary. This is another difficult art, as I found when I embarked on it. It is curious that the technique of the commentary has advanced so little. In most documentary, travel and nature films the commentary is usually uninspired; or, if in-

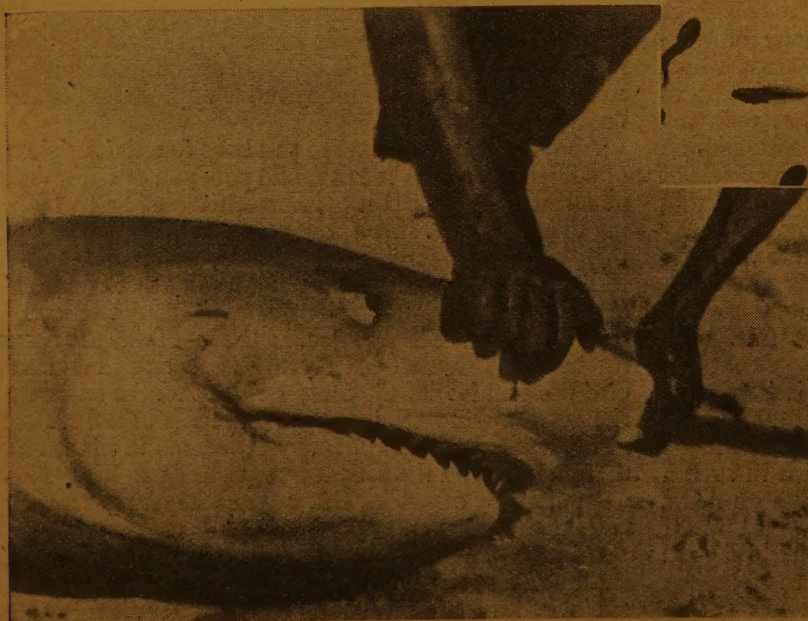
spired, inspired only with a dreadful facetiousness. I do not know whether the English or the American brand of this facetiousness is the worse. Nobody in the audience ever seems to laugh at it; it is surely time that the commentators found out some better way of getting their stuff across. In passing, I may say that on listening to my own commentary I realised forcibly that I had plenty to learn in the matter! Now I want to go on to talk about nature films in general.

I believe there is a big future for nature films. For one thing, they can be such good entertainment. To be shown some creature whose ways of life are quite alien to your own is fascinating. It is as if you were being admitted into sharing a secret: it enlarges your horizon.

They can be of considerable scientific value. The cinema records events in a unique way. Often it reveals facts that have escaped the notice of the traveller or scientist, busy



Tadpoles: from a film by H. Emmett



Shark: from the Williamson film, 'Underneath the Sea'

in setting down merely what happens to interest him. Certain tricks of the cinema, like slow motion and speeded-up motion, may show things that the eye cannot, or at least normally does not, see, and the mind sometimes does not respect. The slow motion shots of diving gannets revealed that their wings were extended backwards as they plunged into the water in a way that quite eludes ordinary observation. For comparing processes, the presentation of both simultaneously on the same film is of great help. I recently saw this done in Dr. Gesell's fine films, made at Yale University, of human development. The difference in





Grizzly bear: from a Canadian nature film

behaviour between the five-months' and the six-months' baby, which was difficult to grasp in the ordinary way, was by this method very clearly brought out.

Here the nature film overlaps with the strictly scientific film and the educational film: there is no hard and fast line to be drawn. I look forward to an enormous extension of nature filming in the broad sense as a help to education. In this field the filming of plants and animals can do marvels. It can substitute the thrill of reality for dull printed descriptions; can show sea-life to inland dwellers; bring the country-



Gannets: feeding the young, from 'The Private Life of the Gannets', by Julian Huxley and R. M. Lockley

side to the towns and the wild parts of the earth to the centre of civilisation; demonstrate what otherwise could only be seen with the aid of special instruments and special skill. The prestige of the expert and the eminent can be brought into the classroom, and practical methods demonstrated in a convincing way. Like any other method, it can be abused: but it has its own unique value.

Then, of course, there is the amateur. Many amateur cinematographers find the pursuit of wild creatures with the camera of absorbing interest as well as good sport. In most cases, their efforts are not likely to reach professional standards: but they need by no means lack real value, either

from the artistic or the documentary point of view.

There remains to consider one very important point—that of the availability of nature films once taken. As things are at present, most short films, after being exhibited for a brief period, go into cold storage and cease to be available. We need, in every country separately, and internationally too, properly arranged film libraries. These would have an annotated catalogue of films on different subjects, with, I hope, some method of grading the merits of the separate items, a collection of copies of as many as possible, and facilities for borrowing or hiring. I hope, too, that at least in the larger



The bear's footprints, from the same film

cities we may see established special cinemas of the news-reel type for showing this or that special kind of film—say, one for nature films, another for educational subjects, and so on.

As a further concrete suggestion, why should not museums have films available where these are the best method of exhibition? The Natural History Museum, for instance, might have small peep-show projectors alongside exhibits of stuffed animals, showing the same animals in a state of nature. After looking at an elephant group, for instance, or an enlarged model of the locust, you would repair to the adjacent projector, press the button, and see a short film of elephants charging through the African bush, or of a swarm of locusts darkening the sky.

(Continued on page 629)



Another view of the Grassholme gannets, from the Huxley and Lockley film



*The Village Church**Social Customs Revealed in Church Fittings*

By E. A. GREENING LAMBORN

LET us suppose that we are visiting an ancient village church. We have identified the oldest work in it—say a Norman chancel arch. We have decided that the arches of the narrow north aisle were cut through the wall of the Norman nave in the thirteenth century, that those of the wider south aisle were similarly cut through in the fourteenth and that the chancel was completely rebuilt in the fifteenth when the tower and porch were added. That is the architectural history of a great many churches, and it is simple enough to read in the fabric. What else is there to look for? The gate by which the churchyard is entered may have a roof over it. It is then called a lychgate, 'lych' being an old word for corpse. The parson waited here at funerals and the bearers set down the coffin in the shelter while part of the service was read.

The coffin belonged to the parish and was not meant to be buried. The body was taken out at the graveside and buried only in its winding-sheet or shroud. Sometimes the poor could not even afford that. The vicar noted in the burial register



Lychgate with room above at Long Compton, Oxon

Dudley Johnston

that a man was taken out of the parish coffin naked and that he stopped the service while he sent indoors for an old sheet. That is why even a tanner, who was supposed by Shakespeare's gravediggers to be the toughest of corpses, only lasted for seven years and then his grave was ready for his neighbour. The parish coffin was stored in the church and some specimens may still be found there. Howden has one and Easingwold has another.

The rich, of course, had coffins of their own, often of stone. When a body was chested, that is, buried in a coffin, a higher fee was charged and a still higher one if the body was buried in the church. An old rhyme said to be cut on a gravestone refers to this:

Here I lie at the church door  
Here I lie because I'm poor:  
The farther in the more you pay  
But I'm as snug and warm as they.

The floors of some old churches consist entirely of grave-slabs, and the churchwarden's accounts contain many references to payments for sweet herbs and spices burnt in the church when any important person was present at a service, the judge, for example, at the assize sermon.

Some lychgates have a room or rooms over them. Here the sacristan lived and here were kept the great copper and other utensils for making the church ale. Instead of the modern bazaar, our forefathers used to raise funds for the church by brewing ale and selling it in the church on saints' days and holidays. Most saints' days were holidays, when to work was against the canon law and so the parishioners came to church

to drink and dance. The churchwardens took their money and entered it in the parish accounts. They recorded also the expenses: for instance, at St. Lawrence's Church, Reading, in 1506, 'for making clean the church against the day of drinking

in the said church 4 pence, and for mete and drink for the taberer 9 pence'. The taberer was the musician who played for the dances.

You will often find a fireplace in the wall at the west end of the aisle. There is one in the north aisle at Ashbury, Berks., and another in the south aisle at Urchfont, Wilts. This was where they roasted the crab apples to warm and



Bronze closing-ring from the church at Adel, near Leeds

Will F. Taylor

flavour the ale, a custom to which Shakespeare refers in his *Winter Song*—'When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl'.

The church door will usually repay an examination. If it is made of heavy oaken planks, overlapping like weatherboarding set vertically, it is early; it may be Norman or Early English. Even if the door itself is modern its iron-work may be old. If the hinges are external, of hammered iron, curving round at the thick end like a crescent or the letter C, they will have been made by a Norman smith. After tracery came into fashion in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the doors were carved in panels so that they look like blocked windows, and the hinges then ceased to be ornamental and were fixed on the inner face. If there is an iron ring on the door it is meant to pull it to. Sextons and Vicars sometimes tell you it was a sanctuary knocker for criminals to cling to. When a man had committed a crime it was the duty of the whole parish to hunt him down. But if he could reach the churchyard before his



Scratch dial at Yatesbury

Dynock





Consecration crosses at Exeter  
Exeter Cathedral Art Gallery

jambes or sides of the doorway you will generally find some roughly scratched dials, sometimes just a few lines a few inches long radiating from a hole where an iron pin used to stick out, sometimes a complete circle with many rays. They very rarely have any figures marked on them. They are sometimes called mass dials, but nobody really knows what times they were meant to tell. Indeed nobody yet knows much about them because there seems to be no reference to them in any old writings. The safest plan is to call them scratch dials and to suppose that in some way mediaeval men got some idea of the time of day from them—perhaps by using one at one season of the year and one at another. Clocks did not come into use until the fifteenth century, and they were not common until the seventeenth. The earliest had only one hand, which pointed to the hours.

There may also be some little crosses cut or scratched on the stone. These are not consecration crosses: they were probably cut by people who had taken a vow and had gone to the church and scratched a cross on the doorway to remind them of their oath every time they went to church. Consecration crosses mark the spots where the bishop anointed the walls with holy oil when he consecrated the building. There were three on each of the four walls, both inside and out, well above shoulder level so that no one should brush against them, and they were always of large size enclosed in a circle nearly a foot across. Usually they were painted and so they have mostly perished on the outside walls. Inside they are much more common.

But we are still waiting outside the door. If there is a porch it will have stone seats, for the porch was a place of much parish business: public notices of all kinds have still by law to be posted there. The Coroner usually sat there instead of in the local public house; executors of wills made public payment of legacies; banns of marriage were called there and part of the marriage service took place there—the ring for example was given at the church door, as we know from Chaucer. And those who broke the marriage vows had to stand there in a white sheet and nothing else and do public penance. There may be a room above the porch. That was the earliest village

pursuers caught him, he was in sanctuary and might not be touched. He had no need to cling to the door-handle. If he swore to leave the country he was allowed to do so. He had to take the nearest road to the coast and walk into the sea every day while waiting for a ship.

On the squared stone forming the

school, where the choir boys were taught to read Latin. But the priest often slept in it so as to be up at daylight to say a Mass for travellers before beginning their journey.

Just outside or just inside the church door on the right-hand side will be a stoup, or traces of it, a basin for holy water into which the entering worshipper dipped his finger and made the sign of the cross on his forehead. This was to remind him of his baptismal vows, of the blood shed for his redemption, of the need for a pure heart and mind, and of the frailty of human life, unstable as water.

The baptismal service began in the porch and immediately inside the door is the font where it was completed. If it is an ancient one it will show the traces of the staples by which its cover was secured. The water in it was rarely changed and was supposed to have valuable properties. To prevent parishioners abstracting it for superstitious uses the font was kept locked.

All old fonts were large enough to immerse the infant, but the largest are the earliest. A large, plain tub of stone may be safely put down as Norman or earlier.

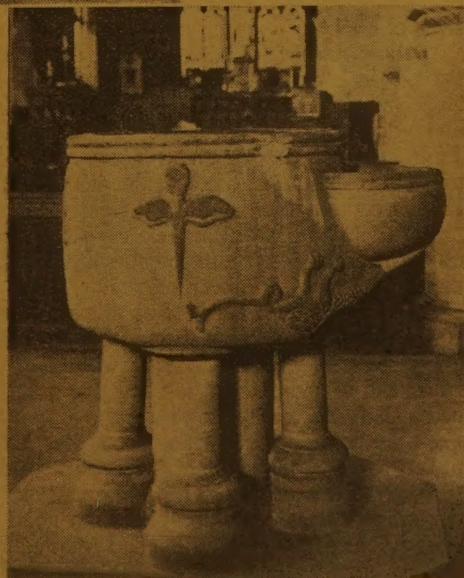
We must think of the nave in which we are now standing as originally a great hall, clear of seats except stone benches round the walls, which may still remain. During services the congregation knelt or stood except the old and infirm: that may have given rise to the proverb 'the weakest may go to the wall'. The aisles were at first only passages, kept clear for processions to pass round the building, for processions played a great part in the early church services. A man walked in front to clear the way, carrying a rod called a verge, and so we get the word 'verger'. Some churches have tall narrow cupboards in the nave walls where the rods and the banners carried



Porch with room above at St. Mary's Church, Launceston

*F. Frith*

in processions were stored. But at the east ends of the aisles there were always altars and these have left their traces. In the side wall we shall find a small arched recess containing a drain where the chalice and the priest's hands were washed after the



Twelfth-century font at Youghal, Derbyshire, showing the stoup which was probably used for holy water

*Will F. Taylor*



Mass, and the water poured away to soak into consecrated ground.

In the east wall will be niches or stone brackets where the images of saints stood above the altar. Sometimes there will be a square recess with a rabbet showing that it had a door: you may find the hinges, or the bolt hole of the lock. That is where the vessels were locked up when they were not in use. Then very likely there will be a sort of passage like a tunnel pierced through the wall at the side of the chancel arch, so that anyone standing at the east end of the aisle can look through it and see the altar in the chancel. That is a squint: and it was made so that the priest saying a Mass in the aisle



Interior of Croscombe Church, Somerset, showing its famous box-pews

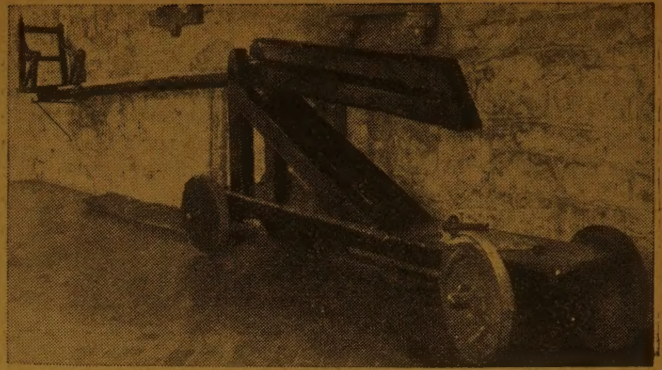
*Will F. Taylor*

could keep in time with his colleague at the high altar in the chancel.

If there are any old benches they will probably belong to the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, when sermons began to be popular. So the oldest pulpits belong to that age. Both pews and pulpits will be ornamented with panels having perpendicular tracery like that in the windows. Box pews, with doors, came into fashion in the seventeenth century, and so did the pulpits carved with round arches and with sounding boards above them, and with an iron cage for the hour-glass. Very often the hour-glass stand remains in its original position even though the pulpit has been moved.

Another common survival of things gone out of use is the parish fire-hook. When a cottage took fire, and that was pretty often, for they were all made of wood and thatch, the neighbours ran to the church, fetched this great iron hook, which had a shaft like a scaffold pole and a long iron chain, and they fixed the hook in the burning roof, dragged on the chain and pulled it off bodily. Fire engines, of a sort, came into use in the eighteenth century. They were worked by hand—half-a-dozen men on either side. There are good specimens in the churches at Aldbourne, Wilts, and Mapledurham, Oxon.

The parish ducking-stool was also kept in the church: there is a good one at Leominster. It is a long pole with a little chair at one end with a pair of wheels under it. When a woman scolded her husband too publicly the neighbours would seize

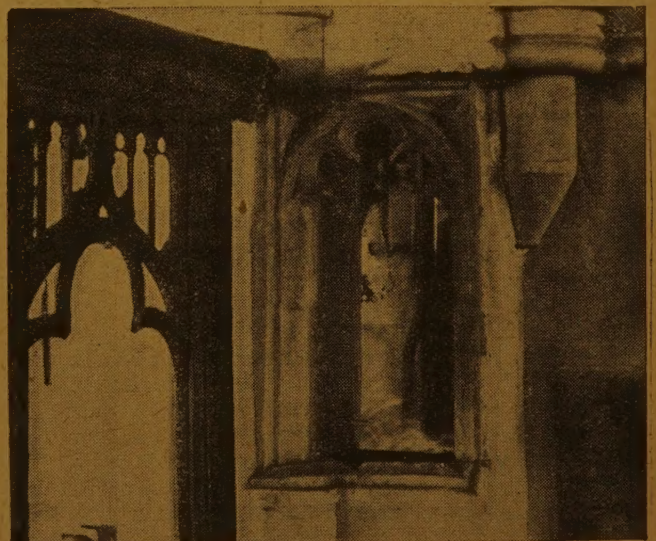


The Leominster ducking-stool for cooling the anger of obstreperous scolds

*F. Frith*

her, tie her in the chair and run it down to the village pond. They pushed the lady's end into the water and kept it there until her anger was cooled. Where there was no pond or stream they used the brank, or scold's bridle, an iron bridle with a flat plate instead of a bit, which was put into her mouth to press down her tongue. The stocks were a punishment for both sexes—they had holes for little legs and big ones. Anyone who sold bad beer might be set in them and then have his stock poured over him. When the stocks were movable, as they often were, they were kept in the church and brought out as required. So was the pillory—there is one at Coleshill in Warwickshire—a wooden frame shaped like a T with three holes in the cross-piece, a big one for the neck and a little one on either side for the wrists. It was set up on a small platform and when the offender had been locked in it the people could pelt him with rotten eggs, mud, dead cats, or even stones.

In those days there were no dog licences and a good deal of the scavenging was done by dogs, so they were very plentiful. Every church had an official appointed to drive them out of the church in service time. His dog-whip may have survived—there is one at Baslow in Derbyshire; and at Clodock in Herefordshire they still have his dog-tongs—a great pair of wooden tongs with long handles so that he could seize a tough customer and put him out without being bitten. The church-wardens had to provide these things and their accounts record



'Squint' in the south chancel wall of Blewbury Church

*Dixon-Scott*

payments for them and for the salary of those who used them. 'Paid to John Whetely for rebuking the dogs out of the church' is one entry, and another records additional payment to the dog-whipper 'for his trouble and pains in wakening sleepers in the church and keeping the children quiet'.

The nave, with its ale-drinkings and dances and its dogs and its secular implements was a village hall as well as a church, and so it was always shut off from the chancel by a great screen with locked doors.

Above this screen was a platform and above this, the most



striking object in the church, was the Rood, the great cross with the crucified figure and the Blessed Virgin and St. John on either side. On the platform, called the Rood loft, were the organs—there were generally two—and some of the choir. At the Reformation the Roods and a good many of the Rood lofts were destroyed, but they have nearly always left their traces in a flight of steps in the thickness of the wall by the side of the chancel arch. Very often there is a little window high up in the wall made to throw light on the Rood and to help the organists to read their music. The roof above the Rood was ceiled with painted panels. The roof above the high altar was similarly treated and in it we should look for the hooks from which hung the lamp that turned constantly before it and the pyx or jewelled box that contained the Host, the consecrated wafer which to the mediæval worshipper represented the bodily presence of Christ.

On the evening of Good Friday the Host was taken out of the pyx and placed in a coffin-shaped chest which was then, with the altar cross, carried solemnly to a recess in the north wall of the chancel representing the sepulchre. A watch was set night and day, like the watch kept by the soldiers after the crucifixion, and early on Easter morning the Host was brought out again, with great rejoicing, in memory of the Resurrection.



Rood screen and loft at Fitzhead, Somerset

*F. H. Crossley*

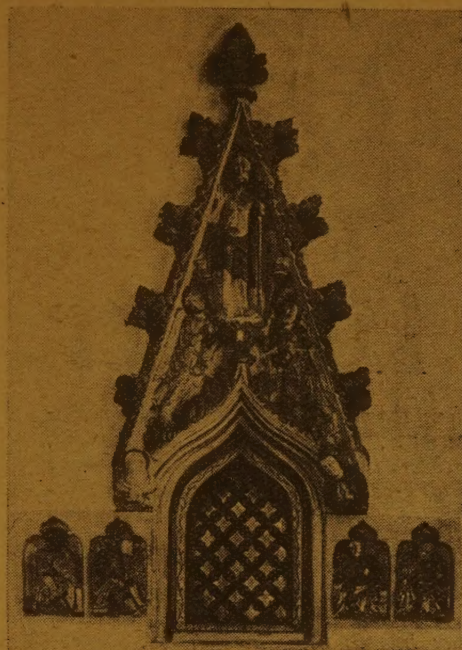
The recess for the Easter Sepulchre frequently remains and sometimes it is carved with images of the sleeping soldiers or with the image of Christ rising from the tomb.

On the opposite side of the chancel, in the south wall, there will be another recess containing seats, generally three. Here the celebrant and his assistants at the Mass, the deacon and subdeacon, sat while the Gospel was read and the Creed was sung. In this wall too is a feature that has puzzled generations of antiquaries and is still without an agreed explanation. It is a small window, set low down in the wall usually in the south-west corner, which had, and sometimes still has, a grating and a shutter instead of glass, and you can nearly always see the marks of the hinges and bolts of the shutter and the rebate where it fitted. Sextons call it the lepers' window, and tell you that lepers used it to watch the Mass at the altar. But if you go outside and can get near enough to look in, you will find that you can only see the west end of the chancel and not very much of that. Besides, lepers were kept in isolation hospitals, like lunatic asylums, with their own chapels and priests, and had no more chance of coming to their parish church than a certified lunatic has. The theory that most experts hold is that the sacring bell was rung at this window. It was the rule that at the moment when the Host was consecrated a bell should be rung so that people outside, working in the fields or the workshops, might pause for a moment and bow their heads. That explains the little bell-niche that you often see on the gable above the chancel

arch, and some people think that where there was no bell outside, the clerk rang a small one at this low side-window.

Another feature in the chancel that has puzzled many people

is a pair of iron staples or of stone brackets in the side walls, about eight or nine feet up, near the altar steps. These were used for the Lenten Veil which was hung from a cord or a beam to hide the altar during Lent. Altars in the Middle Ages were made of stone, but at the Reformation they were pulled down and wooden tables took



Easter Sepulchre at Sibthorpe, Notts

*Will F. Taylor*

their place. These wooden tables have swelling legs like the balusters of a bridge; altar rails came into use about the same time and the earliest have balusters like the tables. They were necessary to keep the dogs out when the chancel screens were destroyed. The archbishop's order for them actually stated that their pillars were to be set so closely that the dogs might not get through them.

When the altar stone was taken down it was often used as a grave stone or as paving for the floor. Many of the last have been taken up and replaced in recent years.

You can easily recognise an old stone altar because it is marked with five crosses, one in each corner and one in the middle. They were symbols of the five words.



'Lepers' window' at Yapton, Sussex. It is suggested that these windows were used for the ringing of the sacring bell during Mass

*G. Druce*

By an oversight the styles of Wington Church, Somerset, and Fairford Church, Glos., which were used to illustrate Mr. Greening Lamborn's talk on 'How to Date a Church' in our last issue, were given wrongly in the captions under the picture. Fairford Church should have been given as an example of the Perpendicular style, and Wington of the Decorated style.





# The Listener

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## The Law of Libel

ALL lawyers know that few branches of the law are more uncertain or difficult to advise upon than the law of libel. Juries not only decide whether there has in fact been a libel, but they assess the damages, and assess them commonly in such large round figures as, taken in conjunction with the legal costs of the parties which the loser has to pay, make an action for libel something which only the very rich or reckless, or the very poor, can contemplate. The law is much more severe in Great Britain than in other countries of professedly free discussion like the United States or France. There is here a traditional feeling, enshrined in the law, that as a man's good name is his most precious possession he must be strongly protected against reflections upon it. The great circulations of the popular newspapers confer upon them a power of such extent, which might be used for the defamation of individuals, that it seems reasonable that the law should be readily available and easily invoked by those who feel that they have been brought into 'ridicule, hatred or contempt'. It is said that the juries in libel cases always tend to put themselves into the shoes of the person libelled, to ask themselves, 'How should I like a thing like this written about me?' As professional or business men, they know they would dislike it very much. They do not so readily put themselves into the position of the critical writer, or recognise the full implications of the freedom of the Press. The result today is that books and publications, dealing with sides of contemporary life which are in particular need of the hard light of criticism, dare not be at all definite in expressing their conclusions. Serious books like serious journals do not make large profits, when they make profits at all, and their finances are small out of all proportion to the costs of a libel action. One lost libel action would be a tidal wave of disaster sweeping them away. The law allows a good deal of candour about dead men, but recently-dead men have living associates who naturally command more sympathy from the first if they come forward to defend a dead man against what appear as cowardly attacks. As the law stands a writer is responsible not only for the obvious meaning of his words but for the innuendo or secondary meaning

which may be read into them. He may plead justification, and may say they were fair comment, but in either case he has to prove the truth of what he wrote, by the very exacting standards of proof of English law. If he is writing about some fraudulent company promoter, for instance—as it is often the duty of financial journalists to do—he will commonly be quite unable to produce the sort of immediate witnesses to whom alone the court will give credence. The more cunning a rascal in covering up his tracks, the more certainly will he win his libel action, and be left alone by discreet writers. The vagueness which today has to accompany writing on all sorts of important public questions, lest vested interests concerned should declare themselves libelled, is not in the public interest. Charges made in good faith, where there is no malice, ought not to expose their makers to complete ruin.

In the current issue of the *Political Quarterly* Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., makes several constructive suggestions for remedying a state of affairs which confers excessive immunity on people whose activities ought not to enjoy it. He suggests that damages should be limited to compensation for actual damage suffered, as happens already in slander actions where a man's business and not his personal character is the subject matter of the slander. He also suggests that the burden of proof should lie more with the plaintiff, who is in a much stronger position for calling witnesses to his acts, etc. He also recommends for consideration an extension of the arrangement which at present governs Press reports of public meetings. These reports are privileged, and the paper cannot be prosecuted for what they report a speaker as saying; but that privilege is forfeited if space is not subsequently provided for corrections or denials. It is the unwillingness, too common today, of papers to publish corrections and to give them honest and prompt prominence that forces many people to support the rigour of the existing libel law. If the practice of allotting free space for counter-statements could be firmly established, it would plainly reduce the temptation to careless statements, for no paper would like its readers to see it put repeatedly in the wrong. At the same time, juries would feel less inclined to award exemplary damages to plaintiffs who had enjoyed full opportunity of addressing the very audience which had read the original libels. In the meantime, Mr. Pritt points out, the actual reports of the United States Senate Inquiry on Munitions have appeared in the Press of all the other countries chiefly concerned, but cannot, because of the fear of libel actions, appear in the Press, or be commented upon, in this country.

## Week by Week

THE aim of the Retail Trading Standards Association is an excellent one. It proposes to unite those shopkeepers who are willing to guarantee the essential honesty of their descriptions of goods and prices, and to distinguish them by a sign which will be immediately recognisable to the buying public. The symbol chosen for this 'Straightforward Shopkeeping' is an arrow in a bow, with the letters SSS, designed by Mr. E. McKnight Kauffer. The Association has published an elaborate schedule of standards, which lays down certain valuable principles of price-marking, and defines a whole host of trade terms for the guidance of shops and customers alike. Furs, for instance, must, if they are specified at all, bear the name of the actual animal they came from. 'Silk' must be silk and not rayon, though 'art. silk' with a full-stop after the 'art.' is permissible. 'Silk and wool' must contain more silk than wool, and no cotton at all. 'Chromium' must not be used for nickel or for chromium-plate, and there must be no ambiguity about things like 'walnut-grained oak' and 'crocodile-grained calf'. Commonsense, however, permits



certain well-established terms to remain where no one is likely to be deceived: as in the case of 'gold' watches, 'silk' hats, 'coney' skins, and 'merino'. The *Standards of Retail Practice* may be seen for the asking at any one of the associated shops, and a summary in simple language is available at threepence a copy. The success of this scheme clearly depends on two factors. First the shopkeepers who display the sign of the arrow must genuinely adhere to the standards of description and trading which they profess. The Association has appointed an independent tribunal to hear complaints both from the public and from rival firms. In the case of persistent infringement it may strike a business off its rolls and cancel the right to display the sign. Second (and this is the hub of the whole problem) the use of the sign must prove in practice a clear benefit to a trader. Unless the public tends seriously to patronise the SSS shops in preference to the others, the sign will be no advantage to the shopkeeper, and its loss no hardship. Ultimately the success of the whole enterprise depends on the customer. Its fate will show whether she is really anxious to know what she is buying, or prefers after all to rely on her wits, her hard-won experience, and her nose for a bargain.

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Twelve years ago Mr. Robert Mayer arranged his first three children's concerts at Westminster. Since then the idea has grown, and during the past winter 45 concerts have been held in 17 centres. Prices are low, adults are admitted only if accompanied by children, and the music is preceded by talks and explanations in simple terms. Otherwise, if one looks back over the series, the programmes seem to differ remarkably little from what one might expect at adult concerts. There is no playing down to the children. There is no question of anything comparable to those children's editions of literary masterpieces and 'stories of' the classics which many people so heartily deprecate. The question therefore arises: why should children need separate concerts at all? Why should they not attend ordinary concerts, where the same music is played at least as well, and perhaps occasionally better? What is gained by separating them from the rest of the community? To this there are many answers. In a number of the centres no adult concerts exist. Where they exist they are generally more expensive, and they are held at much less suitable hours. But an even more general argument lies not so much with the children as with their elders. Parents will send children to concerts specially arranged for them when they would never think of taking them to an ordinary concert, however suitable. The co-operation of schools and music teachers can be enlisted. The children look forward to the event and prepare for it in advance. When they grow up, a number of them at least will retain the interest in good music that has thus been aroused. They will form a growing body of appreciative listeners to swell the ranks of adult audiences in the years to come. It is too early yet to measure the success of Mr. Mayer's organisation in this direction. It may take as long again before the influence of the new generation is appreciably felt. But meanwhile the rapid growth of the movement, the large attendances, and the obvious interest of the young people in the music they hear are sufficient proof of the popularity of Mr. Mayer's scheme.

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It is perhaps in accordance with the trend of modern developments that Time is no longer represented by the figure of an old gentleman with a scythe and a long white beard: a feminine successor, gentle, efficient and modern, has gradually usurped his place. In Sweden, for example, the cool voice of Fröken Uhr (Miss Time) has announced the hour of the day to telephone subscribers for many months; and now the British postal authorities are to enrol a permanent and changeless 'Miss Time' in the British telephone service. It was recently stated that Post Office engineers have designed a 'talking

clock', which will announce the exact time to one-tenth of a second to any subscriber who wants it: but the clock still requires the assistance of a human voice, which will record a complete day in hours, minutes and seconds on a sound film track for incorporation in the apparatus. It is here that the passing of Father Time is clearly revealed, for old gentlemen, whether bearded or clean-shaven, scythed or scytheless, are not invited to apply for the post. In spite of the fact that broadcasting experience has shown a prejudice in Great Britain against women announcers, the experts have decided that women have the best telephone voices; and while microphone announcing is at present a masculine privilege, a feminine voice is to become the audible representation of time. The 15,000 women telephone operators have been invited to take part in a competitive examination, which will consist of a series of eliminating tests before different judges, and the successful competitor, in addition to winning a prize of ten guineas, will have the satisfaction of knowing that her voice will share with Big Ben and the Greenwich time signal the responsibility for telling Great Britain the time of day. Both charm and clarity will presumably be taken into account by the judges, so that the chosen voice will have something in common with that of Louis XV's courtier. 'What time is it?' the King would ask. 'Whatever time will please your Majesty', the courtier would reply. All times of the day should please enquirers when announced by the most charming voice in the British telephone service.

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Those who regard the cinema as an important form of artistic endeavour have long realised that there is one serious obstacle to the full recognition of the cinema's worth. This obstacle is the fact that films have so short a life in the entertainment world. When the few months of their heyday are over, even the best are condemned to an oblivion from which there is little hope of reprieve; and it is difficult to assess the value and development of an art in which the masterpieces of today are inaccessible tomorrow. The best way of surmounting the difficulty is by the establishment of repertory cinemas, and every effort in this direction, such as the René Clair season which began at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, on Monday, should receive a warm welcome and much practical support. There is no reason why repertory cinemas should not be at least as numerous as repertory theatres, and indeed the screen has one great advantage over the stage in this matter. The strain of daily rehearsals, performances and study of future parts is often revealed on the repertory stage, and some years ago it was even asserted that 'repertory acting is not acting: it is brawling in a place of amusement'. That is certainly an exaggeration, as the inhabitants of Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester and other provincial cities will rise in their thousands to testify: but it does contain a germ of truth. In a repertory cinema, however, the pressure of overwork can never spoil a performance: though the same actors and actresses may be seen in six different productions in as many weeks their work will lose none of its sparkle, their emotion none of its intensity. The film remains unchanged, as fresh as it was when it was made; and it is surely remarkable that such a perfect repertory medium has been so little exploited.

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### DOES THE WIRELESS MAKE YOU WISER?

A special feature of our next issue will be the first results of an investigation which we have been conducting among representative listeners in various walks of life, with the aim of discovering what knowledge of current affairs they have gained by listening to broadcast talks

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## Freedom

# Liberty Submerged by Law

By SIR ERNEST BENN

*The first talk of a new series in which a variety of speakers will give their individual views on the British conception of Freedom. Among others taking part in the series are Mr. Bernard Shaw, the Bishop of Durham, Professor Schroedinger, Lord Eustace Percy and Mr. G. K. Chesterton*

THE subject of Freedom is a very old one, the ancient philosophers wrote reams about it, and yet it is always new and there is always more to be said. Philosophers and theologians have talked of the Freedom of the Will and politicians have argued about Civil and Social Liberties. The arguments used by the philosophers are as relevant today as ever they were, but the political discussion is most of it out of date. The advocates of Civil Liberty in the past have been concerned to wrest power from some tyrannical ruler or some ruling class or caste. But now that we have achieved universal suffrage we are only concerned with how much power we should exercise over ourselves, and philosophy is coming back into its own. Freedom of the Will and Civil and Social Liberty are today more nearly the same thing. We are our own tyrants and will probably find much more difficulty in winning freedom from ourselves than from any of the many forms of tyranny of the past.

## Inventing New Restraints

Civilisation in one of its many aspects may be said to consist of restraints upon freedom. However much I cherish my freedom, there are quite a number of things which, in a civilised community, I must not do. For example, there are people who in my view are a positive danger to the State, but I am not free as I should have been ten centuries ago to remove them in my own way. A couple of hundred years ago we were at liberty to empty our slops from our bedroom windows, but the march of civilisation has taken that freedom away from us. Fifty years ago there was complete liberty to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. Twenty-one years ago I was perfectly free to travel over the world without a passport or permit, but now that freedom has gone. Three years ago I could sell my milk and potatoes at my own price to anyone I liked; now marketing boards have removed that liberty. We have latterly developed such remarkable facilities for new restraints that we pop them on before there has been time to discuss them, enforce them before people have had time to understand them, and take them off before we have had sufficient experience to know whether they are good or bad. Just how far is this sort of thing to be allowed to go? When shall we be so civilised that no further restraints will be considered necessary?

At first we resisted these restraints, but by degrees that resistance has weakened until today it hardly exists at all. Indeed, it may almost be said that our chief interest as citizens is to invent new restraints for one another. The fact must be confessed that we never think about freedom, we just take it for granted and it goes by default.

In 1933 we passed 53 Public and General Acts of Parliament and 92 Local and Private Acts, all of them limiting our freedom in some direction or another. But as if the parliamentary output was insufficient, we added in the same year 1,165 Statutory Rules and Regulations having the force of law. This sort of thing, about which the Lord Chief Justice has protested so ably in his book *The New Despotism*, has proceeded at such a pace in recent years that the index of delegated legislation, statutory rules, and a modern abomination called Provisional Orders, occupies 1,000 pages of small type. A thousand-page index to subsidiary laws restraining our freedom, any one of which may put us in the police court tomorrow morning and all of which tend to keep us inactive or unemployed. For, strangely enough, we still retain our respect for law and order, although we are totally ignorant of most of the laws and orders that govern us. Day by day, in the well-meaning effort to ease somebody's little trouble, we take away a little bit of discretion or liberty from the rest of the 40 millions of us. Thus we have clogged up activity, initiative, enterprise, and in my judgment that is the basic reason why so many of us are out of work. We

demand that 'something shall be done', and we promptly stop everybody doing anything. We call vigorously for 'constructive action' and proceed to legislate for the destruction of millions of actions. That in very brief is my charge against modern politics.

I want you to try to dismiss from your minds all current public affairs, to forget political parties and modern political policies and concentrate with me on the abstract conception of freedom. My simple submission will be that we take our freedom too much for granted, that we have ceased to think about it and prize it as we should, and that, in consequence, we have lost a great deal of it and are in danger of losing most of the rest.

## Voluntary Slavery

The Fight for Freedom is exactly like the other Good Fight—it is a never-ending struggle. It is an entire mistake to suppose that freedom is like an armchair which you buy or make and then sit on in comfort for the rest of your life. As individual persons we are in constant danger of slavery to our own habits, slavery to our jobs, to our prejudices, our likes and dislikes. I am a slave to tobacco and a very happy slave to domestic ties. These are slaveries which I impose upon myself and of which, if I care to pay the price, I can rid myself. They teach me when I think about them that slavery is a very important part of the perfect life. My observation leads me to think that some of the happiest lives are founded upon personal abject slavery to narrow religious conceptions. But such slavery is always voluntary and no man can deny the right of the slave to escape. This eternal paradox is understood only by those who know the meaning of the words, 'Whose service is Perfect Freedom'.

In the nineteenth century we used to talk a good deal about the need for liberty or freedom although we had a great deal more of it than we enjoy today. We were genuinely proud of the fact that the whole world envied our freedom. The deposed king, the political refugee, the blood-stained revolutionary, the Jew fleeing from the pogrom, all were welcome, all brought their contribution to our character and even more remarkable, out of their poverty, brought us wealth. And the curious thing was, that for every distressed foreigner who sought a haven on our free shores, a couple of Englishmen or, perhaps, one Englishman and one Scotsman, found a billet and an opportunity for service in other parts of the world. Since we forgot freedom, we have rid ourselves of German waiters and barbers, but a million of our unemployed have been robbed of the chance to work in other lands overseas.

## Ills of an Infant Democracy

It is easy to point to a serious trouble like this, but utterly foolish to suggest that there is an easy remedy. It takes centuries to win a little freedom and a very few minutes to destroy it. We have struggled for a thousand years to achieve the right to govern ourselves and within the little lifetime of most of my hearers we have secured the final prizes of universal education and universal suffrage. Considered in any decent perspective these things are as new as the latest fashions in ladies' hats. It will take another thousand years before we really know how to use them properly and derive full benefit from them. We are an infant democracy suffering from democratic measles and chickenpox. Universal education is thought to mean that everybody can know everything, and produces young economic students who pretend they can plan the natural actions and divine inspirations of the other millions of us. Universal suffrage is considered as the right to play the tyrant over everybody else and so we all pretend to know what's wrong with the other fellow.

Don't imagine that I am trying to lay down the law. But I put this simple suggestion to you. The world is in a mess, inter-



national trade has almost gone, the standard of living here is much lower than it ought to be, and everywhere else it is very much lower still. Every conceivable political idea, except one, has been tried, and that one is freedom. You may imagine, then, with what delight I heard that the B.B.C. had decided that its 10,000,000 listeners should listen to talks on freedom. The B.B.C. itself has very little freedom about it, and some of the people who will talk do not impress me as authorities on the subject. But that is a detail. If the people will begin again to be interested in the subject of freedom great good is bound to follow.

### Progress Comes from Diversity

I do not think of freedom as my personal right to do what I like, but rather as the right of my forty million fellow citizens to serve me and one another. You will, of course, be aware that the individualist is the only man who thinks of everybody. Collectivism is a puny thing concerned with sections, groups, gangs, classes and selfish little interests, and collectivism is the negation of freedom.

The other day a little boy said to his father, 'Daddy, If I'm here to do good to others, what are the others here for?' I ask you whether that question does not give us the key to the whole puzzling problem? We are trying to achieve the general good by forcing our ideas on one another. The nineteenth century accepted the doctrine of the general good through enlightened self-interest and the nineteenth century gave us the foundations of all we know about wealth and wellbeing and progress. And freedom was the keynote of the nineteenth century. We boasted of our civil liberties, of our Freedom of Speech, of the Freedom of the Press and, of course, of our complete Religious Liberty.

In later years we have begun to talk of Economic Liberty and a great deal of our modern legislation is related to this idea. It is very necessary to understand that there is no such thing as economic liberty, when economic equality is meant, for they are a contradiction in terms. When we talk of religious liberty we mean the right to differ. The suggestion is that we are better with all the diversity, difference, and variety that we can secure. Freedom of speech positively invites difference, it would be no use having freedom for everybody to say the same thing. All progress, whether material or moral, comes from this diversity and it is because we have had more freedom than other peoples that we have always been in the van of progress. But the people who talk about economic freedom are just those who want to make everybody alike, to distribute everything evenly and who object to the economic inequalities of society. To lend colour to the false notion of economic freedom, they make great play with the term 'Wage Slavery' and the suggestion is that if wage slavery were abolished the opposite to it is economic freedom. A single moment's reflection is sufficient to expose the error of the argument. Economically

we are all slaves, because Nature will not give us of her bounty except upon her own terms. We can take the nineteenth century's view that the interests of the consumer are supreme and that involves if you like—wage slavery. Or we can take a more modern and less tried attitude and say that the producer is the person to consider, in which case we become consumer-slaves. There is just as much slavery one way as the other. The inescapable facts are that we must stand in the market-place to be hired and become wage-slaves, or else we must stand in the queue to be rationed and become consumer slaves. There is no escape from this simple alternative, and all talk of economic liberty, by obscuring that natural circumstance, is sapping at our wealth and bringing civilisation down. There is no economic liberty except the liberty to starve. I am sure that even those people who most heartily disagree with me will recognise the impossibility of developing a great big subject like this in a short twenty minutes. If I could broadcast once a week for a year I should only touch the fringes of an immortal conception like freedom. May I, in conclusion, make this simple suggestion. That we try to think about freedom in the abstract. For a few minutes each day let us give up thinking about the price of herrings, the speed of motor-cars, the rate of exchange or slum clearance and think only of freedom—its vitalising qualities, its moral values, its character-building capabilities, its inspiration and its divine power. Then, if we will, we may turn back to our herrings, motors, currencies and slums, but we shall not do so many silly things about them as we have done in the last twenty years, since we ceased to understand the value of our freedom. Freedom is a moral conception. It requires no moral quality to obey an Act of Parliament. Cowardice is all that is necessary. For an action to be moral a man must be free to perform it or not to perform it. Freedom is the basis of character. Liberty engenders self-respect. Control promotes the inferiority complex. Freedom makes the worthy life. In a state of freedom man asks himself 'What can I put into life?' In a controlled state man asks, 'What can I get out of it?' Hence the gross materialism of the present time.

Freedom is a lasting quality on which credit, confidence, stability, a way of life can be safely founded. Control at best is a temporary, passing, changing affair on which nobody can rely. Hence the breakdown of world trade, to mention only one catastrophe flowing from modern governmental ideas.

The Fight for Freedom is, as I have said, like the other Good Fight, a never-ending struggle and an increasingly difficult struggle and, therefore, more worth while and more glorious as time goes on. This is not one of your temporary wars that you win and pay for and perhaps lose your soul. In the fight for freedom you are always losing and always getting ready to fight again. The winning of freedom from democracy will be much more difficult than the old time battle with the tyrant kings.

### The Map of England

## How to Read a Map

By Brigadier H. ST. J. L. WINTERBOTHAM

*The first of three talks on maps, which should help walkers, cyclists and motorists to get the best out of their holiday-making this year. Brigadier Winterbotham was Director-General for the Ordnance Survey, 1930-35*

**M**APS of sorts, as we all know, are as old as history. But I am not going to talk about ancient maps of Babylon, Egypt and Rome: and all those really fascinating preludes to the modern map must wait for another occasion. Even among the maps of today one must pick and choose. This talk is to be dedicated as much to the holiday spirit as to the maps of the country—and there is little of the holiday spirit about an ordinary school atlas. We will omit any further mention of those atlas maps which, as the schoolgirl said, represent the world put through a mangle. We are, indeed, confined to the ordinary topographical maps, one-inch, half-inch and quarter-inch, which are as important a part of a holiday as knapsack, bicycle or car. The maps to start with are those 238 old friends, the sheets of the ordinary Ordnance One-inch. The first question which arises is, why

one inch? Well, we are accustomed to think of distances in miles, and to measure them by eye on paper in inches. In the countries which have adopted the decimal system a map is usually classed by what is called the representative fraction, that is, one part on the map represents so many other parts on the ground, one inch on the map represents 63,360 inches (or one mile) on the ground in this case, and the scales of foreign maps are known by such fractions as 1:100,000, 1:50,000 or 1:25,000. It is quite characteristic of us as a people to neglect these representative and vulgar fractions, and to think definitely and practically in terms of the distances we visualise on ground and paper respectively. What can be simpler than so many inches to the mile or so many miles to the inch? In using the one-inch there are one or two simple measures which it is helpful to bear in mind. For example, the diameter





Measuring distances on the map with the aid of a halfpenny (diameter one inch), an ordinary safety match (length two inches), and the human hand (about six inches from thumb-tip to the further edge of the palm)

Map reproduced from the Ordnance Survey series with the sanction of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office

of a halfpenny is exactly one inch, an ordinary safety match is just about two inches, and if you want to measure, shall we say, six to twelve miles, it is convenient to use the outstretched palm of the hand. Press the hand down on the map and extend the thumb at as wide an angle to the hand as it will go. Then you will probably find that from the tip of the thumb to the further edge of the palm is very nearly six inches.

The scale of one inch to a mile is big enough to show everything of importance, and yet it is not so big as to be a nuisance or to take too much paper to show its subject. Naturally, every fact of nature cannot be shown true to scale at so small a scale. Measure across the width of an ordinary main road as it is shown on the one-inch, by making two ticks on a piece of paper. Measure your ticks against the scale in the lower margin, and you will find the distance between 50 and 70 yards. Now no road is as wide as this in practice, and yet it must be shown in that way in order to be sufficiently conspicuous either to find or, what is perhaps more important, to avoid. As the road is conventionally large, the houses that border it, the bridges which cross it, the streams and railways which often run alongside are by so much displaced. This conventionalism is not a thing, however, which will worry you or detract from the usefulness of the map.

And now for a moment let us think of the preparations for a holiday. Holidays do not begin, thank goodness, when we actually step into a taxi, or jump upon a bicycle, or buckle the last strap of the knapsack. We have weeks to think ahead and to plan what to do and how best to enjoy ourselves, and during all that preparatory period the map is absolutely indispensable. Perhaps the first question is: Do you know where you want to

go? Normally we head for the sea or the hills. Where are they closest at hand, and where can we get away from that crowd amongst which we do our daily work? Then comes the method of getting to the holiday ground. We shall rarely start our tramp from our front door. There are some people who prefer to wander out into the country with no guide and complete liberty to go where the spirit moves them. But there is a danger in that. It is so easy to turn round the corner in England and to find yourself unexpectedly in exactly the same surroundings from which you have temporarily escaped. The map will save you from that trouble.

Now suppose that we have arrived at the scene of our holiday. An important point is to be sure you have brought the right map. The angriest man I have ever seen was an officer on the Western Front who was trying to find his way out of the trenches. His trouble was that he was using the wrong sheet. It is common to find that one is at the corner of four maps. Be sure then to find out if there is no special or tourist sheet which fits your holiday area better than the regular series. Many such special sheets are on sale. A few words must be said about the use of the map on the ground. When we are sitting at home in an easy chair by the fire, and looking at the map, there is no question about its orientation. We know that the top edge of the map is the north and that it appears immediately under the title of the map. All the names are written for holding the map in that position. Possibly you may be interested to know why this convention was chosen. Why do maps not work to the south, for example? I cannot tell you and do not suppose that anyone else can. As long as we have made maps this convention has been followed. On one dreadful



occasion during the Great War a famous general was able, from the top window of his chateau, to overlook the ground on which a battle was to be fought. Alas, his view was towards the south, and he therefore ordered a map on which the top was to be the south and all the names had to be turned upside down and re-written for that position.

On the ground it is not so easy to set the map so that its directions coincide with those of the country. In other words, it is not so easy to recognise on the ground north, south, east and west as on the map itself. How, then, should this be done? The easiest way, if the sun is shining, is to use your watch. Supposing the hour is 4 o'clock. Hold the watch flat, and directly under your eye, and point the hour hand at the sun itself. Then true south is half-way between that and 12 o'clock on your watch dial, and looking from the centre of your watch towards 2 o'clock will mean that you are looking towards the south. But here, of course, is an obvious snag. Outdoor holidays are mostly in the summer, and then summer time applies. The time we actually use is an hour ahead of that which is normal for the sun. Harking back to the last illustration, in summer if your watch says 4 o'clock you must so hold your watch that that from the centre of it towards 3 is in the direction of the sun. Half-way between that and 12 will give you the south, which, therefore, will be towards half-past one on your watch's dial. But the sun sometimes fails us. The next best help is a compass. Now a compass is a delicate little bit of machinery. It is common to find that the pivot on which the needle revolves is either broken or rusty. Before you go out test the compass, and that is best done with a soft iron nail. Bring the nail near the north point of the compass and see if you can attract it out of position quickly and easily. It should return to its proper position equally quickly and easily when the nail is removed. If it does not, then something is wrong. Then, of course, a compass must be used with discretion. A pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, a pocket-knife, a line of rails, the iron post of a fence, are quite enough, singly or collectively, to throw the compass out of gear. The 'north point' in the margin of the map represents the magnetic north at the date at which the map was printed. But the magnetic North Pole is constantly moving about. The 'variation' of the north point as given on the map will not be entirely correct, therefore, but do not let that fact trouble you. The difference will not be sufficient to cause you inconvenience. It is commonly supposed that the edges of Ordnance maps are north and south. That is not true, but is sufficiently *nearly* true to make it quite a proper working hypothesis. Just a word to explain why it is not true. A line which runs north and south (commonly called a meridian) must, by definition, eventually pass through the North and South Poles. Suppose that we consider one such line running through London and another through New York, and suppose we cut downwards through these meridians until we have cut right into the centre (or axis of the earth) and then remove the slice; it will, in shape, be exactly like one or two or three pigs of an orange pulled out. The outside part will be broad in the middle and come to a point at the ends. In other words, the edges of that wedge must converge to points corresponding to the North and South Poles and can never be parallel. If, in England, the sides of our maps were true north and south, then the top edge of a map would be shorter than the bottom edge, and there would be considerable difficulty in putting maps together. For that reason the maps of England are all rectangular. But the difference is slight and edges can be taken to be north and south for practical purposes.

Supposing all else fails—there is no sun: there is no compass. Then one is thrown back upon roads or railways or fences, possibly on the transmission lines of the new electrical grid, or indeed on anything which is both on the map and on the ground. It is, after all, not very difficult to put the lines of the map parallel to those on the ground.

Now let us take some of the things which a map is supposed to show. The most important thing from a holiday point of view is perhaps the footpath. Ordnance maps show pretty nearly all the footpaths that exist, though some may be missed out here and there, but the map does not pretend to give a right of way along the paths it shows. If you turn to the explanatory notes at the bottom of the map you will find as much stated. Supposing that in the Lake Country or in the



'Supposing the hour is 4 o'clock. Hold the watch flat, and directly under your eye, and point the hour hand at the sun itself. Then true south is half-way between that and twelve o'clock on your watch dial'

Highlands there is a well-known right of way which leads through wide open fields or moors, but that it is so little used that no track is made, then no track will be shown upon the map. On the other hand, supposing that Mr. Jones lives in a house whose garden borders on a high road. Behind his garden lies a large meadow and on the other side of that meadow is another high road, and we will further suppose that Mr. Jones and his family are in the habit of walking down his garden path, out through a gate and always in the same direction across the meadow to the road on the far side. In the course of time they will make a path, and that path will appear on the next revision. Do not be annoyed when you are looking for a path and you find you have been following a county boundary instead. It is your own fault, and if you had looked at the conventional signs given at the bottom of the map you would have seen the difference and avoided the mistake.

Now for a moment on the subject of hills. Of course the showing of hills on a map (a flat sheet of paper) must be conventional. The only unconventional and natural way of showing them would be to build them up in the form of a model and that would be rather awkward for the pocket. A hundred and fifty years ago, in the first edition, a number of heights were printed in figures to show the altitudes of hills above mean sea level. These 'spot heights', as they are called, appear on the maps of today. They are given on summits and sometimes in the bottoms of valleys. They are most frequent along roads and will be found, almost invariably, where a road crosses over a pass between two hills. Spot heights alone are useful but give little idea of shape. The other original method was that of hachuring. Hachures are those little pen strokes drawn vertically down the slopes, heavier and closer together where the slope is steep, opener and lighter where the slope eases out. The drawback of hachuring is that it covers the map with a mass of black printing and makes it difficult to show all the other things that a map ought to show.

The next innovation was a contour. Everyone knows now what a contour is. What else are schools meant for? It joins together all the points which are at a given height above mean sea level, and everybody, or nearly everybody, realises that every individual contour must join up with itself and can never, by any possibility, join up with any other contour. But we cannot have contours at every inch, every foot or even every yard of altitude. To start with, it would be much too expensive to survey them. The original contours were therefore at 50, 100 and thereafter by successive hundreds of feet, until the 1,000 feet mark was reached. Above 1,000 the contours were spaced at 250 feet. Today contours on the one-inch are given



at every 50 feet of altitude. Now contours are a wonderful way of explaining hill features in Scotland, Wales, the Pennines and perhaps Devon and Cornwall, but they are not so good when one comes to the flatter yet eminently attractive counties of East Anglia. On a map of these counties you may find one or possibly two contours chasing each other uneasily all over the countryside looking for a hill to twine themselves round, and looking in vain. In fact, in that class of country contours are of little help.

Another way of explaining country is by the use of layers. Layers are bands of colour inserted between contours; one layer might cover all the ground, say, between two and three hundred feet above mean sea level. But, if layers were to be employed between every couple of contours, the map would be covered with as many colours as Joseph's coat. It would be

latest edition, which has no adventitious guides to hill features upon it, but which relies wholly upon the contours.

Questions are often asked as to why 'inns' are not more generally shown. But it is not possible to show all the inns in Britain. Supposing we were to show all the inns in the city of Chichester, there would be no room left for the Cathedral. Inns are only shown in those country districts which look as if they might be full of thirsty travellers and at the same time offer available space for an additional word. A new sign is that for National Trust areas. Many nature-lovers in England will be grateful for that additional information. Another symbol of interest is the large Y, for Youth Hostels.

There are some critics who consider that parish boundaries should not be shown and that they may be mistaken for footpaths. The criticism is understandable, but only from the Rambler's point of view. There are many users of the map who want to know about boundaries and to whom they are extraordinarily important for administration and record, and the Ordnance map in England is a map for everybody.

Now I have got to mention one use of a map which I think few people understand in its proper significance. It is amazing how, in travelling England, one meets family parties sitting at the edge of the road enjoying their sandwiches in company with vans, cars and steam lorries. One wonders why. It is true that road surfaces today forbid great accumulation of dust, yet there is probably a fine haze of it everywhere. Supposing our friends had had a map and used it with intelligence. Then, taking that third turning just passed a minute or two ago, they



'It is amazing how, in travelling England, one meets family parties sitting at the edge of the road enjoying their sandwiches in company with vans, cars and steam lorries'

impossible to read. So layers usually cover bands of from three to four hundred feet in altitude.

Now we come to the last method of showing hill features, and that is by a shadow which is supposed to be cast towards the south-east by a sun in the north-west corner of the map. Such a convention seems ridiculous, for the sun is never in the north-west, but the underlying idea is clear enough. You are not thinking now of the ground, but of the map. The map reader naturally keeps the south edge of the map next to himself, whether he is holding it in his hand or laying it on a table. He keeps a 'south' light off the map. Light comes from the north or north-west margin, and the shadow must therefore fall to the south or south-east. Otherwise it would look unnatural. These shadows have a decided drawback. If you think of the Cotswolds and the Chilterns, you will remember that their attractive and extraordinarily steep scarps face the north-west, and therefore, on the map, receive no shadow at all, whilst the slopes which lead gently down to Oxford and London respectively have to show a shadow which they hardly deserve.

Now to return to Ordnance maps. The popular edition covers most of the land at present. It was brought in immediately after the War and is cheap in production, effective in style, and admirably clear, but it employs no method of showing hills except contours, and therefore is difficult to use in flat-tish country. The new 'Relief' edition which has begun to appear and which already covers the south-west and the London area, differs in this respect. It shows hills by contours, spot heights, layers, hachures and shading; but hachures, layers and shading are so woven into each other that they cannot be separately distinguished. There may be some of you who object to any such additional helps. If so you can buy a map, even of the

would have found a little brook with soft springy turf on which to spread a rug and every amenity for peace and comfort. On the other hand, supposing they had gone a little further and turned to the right, the third-class road in question would have taken them on to the edge of the moor, where, with one's head on a clump of heather, one could overlook the world spread out at one's feet.

There arises the question as to what sort of map it would be advisable to buy. The cheapest sort is one which is paper only, although it may be folded and sold in a cover. But unmounted paper is very perishable and I think you will bitterly regret dependence on such a map for a holiday. It is surely better to buy the linen backed and folded variety which costs only 9d. more. Even so, the map is not imperishable and particularly so if it is packed in a rucksack next to a pair of freshly dubbed boots and underneath a tin of sardines. Don't be surprised if it loses its pristine beauty under such treatment. Carry it, if possible, in an inside pocket and try not to sit on it. If you want absolute permanency I would recommend you to try what is known as Places' paper, which is really waterproof. It costs a little more, but it is almost imperishable.

The number of map-lovers has grown enormously during the past few years. There may be many of them who prefer the greater range of the half-inch to the more complete information of the one-inch. For the owner-driver the quarter-inch is perhaps the best scale, and now that a thirty-mile limit is so prevalent perhaps many more will have a moment to spare for a glimpse at the country. To such let me urge the use of a real map and not a diagram which shows nothing but roads and an occasional purple arrow with the legend: 'Stop here and look S.W. for the view'.



*The Way to God**Christ's Power in History*

By Canon C. E. RAVEN

**T**HE claim made for Jesus that He is in a unique sense the Son of God might never have been taken seriously if it had not been found to work. In an age of many gods and many lords a Son of God was no new thing. Men said the same of Julius Cæsar and perhaps of Apollonius of Tyana; and a few believed it. Why was it that the bestowal of divine honours upon Jesus did not share the fate which has befallen other such gospels? It was certainly not the prestige of His followers: the Jew was then an object of contempt, and there were among them not many wise nor noble. It was certainly not that the claim was accepted without scrutiny: at first it was met with scorn, then with violence, and finally with long and ruthless debate. Men were as ready then as they are today to sneer at enthusiasm and decry superstition; and they could enforce their views with the fires of Nero's garden or the lions of the arena. The gospel won its way because the world found it immortal, because there was in it a supreme survival-value. It confronted the world with a challenge that appeared ridiculous; and it convinced the world that its extravagant message was true. That is what we mean by the verdict of history. The dating of our years, and as I believe their events, confirms the faith that Jesus Christ is universal and unique.

To the sophisticated modern man, to me at one time and no doubt to some of you, such a statement will seem absurd and perhaps untrue. How can a short human life, a life of long ago, have permanent and authoritative value? How can teaching given by a Jew of the first century be accepted by an age so vastly superior in knowledge and in culture? How can a Church whose records are often so earthly, so shameful, so degrading, possess the secret which is the answer to man's need? It is not the purpose of this lecture to discuss Christian doctrine or Christian ethics, or even to defend Christian institutions. We are concerned here only with history—that is, with the fact that men and nations have accepted Christ as divine, have made His way of life their standard and ideal, and have in His name been gathered into an abiding and world-wide society. Those are facts which do not indeed prove the truth of Christianity, but should give us pause before we reject it as false. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*: universal acceptance by mankind is our highest court of appeal. In a world of change the most continuous and creative human society is the society of the disciples of Jesus.

*Even the Church's Failures Testify to the Truth*

For those who are troubled by the failures of Christendom, by the evident worldliness and ambition, the scandals and crimes that have disgraced its story or by its divisions and weakness, a few words may be added. I am not prepared for my own part to defend the inerrancy of the Church. Still less would I justify the wickednesses that have been perpetrated in its name. I know myself well enough to know how tragically my life gainsays my profession; and so far as my reading goes I know of no single Christian whose deepest cry is not 'God be merciful to me a sinner'. It seems to me clear that at many times in its history the Church made wrong decisions, tolerated and encouraged evil, disgraced and denied its faith. Like its members, it has repeatedly failed. Some of my friends can see its progress as the march of an army with banners, triumphant, irresistible. Others see it as always a falling-away, a pathetic succession of compromises and concessions, until the Church is chiefly notable for its complete unlikeness to Christ. Neither of these verdicts seems to me correct. Rather I see generations of men, human and weak, striving to embody in the life of their age an ideal that haunts and transcends them. Sometimes for years the ideal is almost lost, sometimes mistakes are made that take centuries to undo; sometimes the lust of power or for efficiency, yes and other evil things, choke the Word and it becomes unfruitful. So Jesus warned us in His parable of the Sower. Yet, despite it all, out of death comes life. The Church, like its great apostle, is always perishing yet never forsaken. Just when men are preparing to bury it, it

reveals an astonishing vitality; just when it seems sunk in complacent worldliness the splendour of the living Christ shines out in another day of resurrection. So to me even its failures testify to the truth of its gospel. The world condemns them—and rightly. But it condemns them precisely because they are false to the example of Christ. He is the standard by which they are judged.

It is of course impossible in a brief space to survey the history of nearly two thousand years in order to show how it has been leavened by the power of Christ. Rather we will concentrate upon three elements in His influence—elements that have been roughly characteristic of the three phases of the record. Together they go far to establish the Christian claim.

*Christians United in a Common Loyalty*

In the first place Christ gave to men a knowledge of God which satisfied their deepest intuitions and united them in a common loyalty. In the New Testament itself we see the first evidence of this. Men of very different temperaments and traditions found in Christ the fulfilment of their dreams and were drawn into an intimate fellowship. Each by his own road reached the same experience of God.

When the gospel was carried out into the world, the same thing happened. As early as the second century, students of philosophy like Justin and men of massive learning like Clement of Alexandria declared that in Christ they had found the answer to the deepest problems of thought. In the next generation Clement's successor, Origen, triumphantly vindicated the reasonableness of Christianity by his reply to the sceptical critic Celsus. While scholars were demonstrating the intellectual value of Christ, a great multitude of men of all races and stations were being drawn into the new faith. Lawyers like Tertullian, men of affairs like Cyprian, nobles and slaves, from Britain to the Euphrates, joined the Church. Persecution, whether by violence or by more subtle methods, was powerless against them. At a time when loyalty was becoming rare, the Christian martyrs set a new standard of devotion. In less than three centuries the followers of the Crucified had become the strongest and most united fellowship in the Roman Empire.

*The Power of Spiritual Rebirth*

In the second place, along with this unifying knowledge of God, Christ gave to men the power of spiritual rebirth. In the New Testament we see the transformation working in the life of St. Peter or St. Paul. Through the centuries this same miracle is evident. 'The blind receive their sight; the lepers are cleansed; the dead are raised up'. Sinners become saints. It is easy to jeer at conversion, but when one sees brilliant, sceptical, sensual men like Augustine reborn, and when such a change proves to be life-long and consistent, it is not easy to dispute the wonder of it.

This power of Christ to set men free from selfishness, to fill them with a passion of self-surrender and to flood their lives with joy and peace and courage is as old as the gospel. But it was at the Reformation that the individual appeal of Christ was most strongly asserted. The mediæval period had laid stress upon the unity and corporate life of the Church. Abuses had arisen: in magnifying the society there had been a tendency to ignore or to coerce the individual. Moreover, the Church had failed to recognise the New Learning of the Renaissance or the growth of national and local aspirations. Pioneers and adventurers had been ruthlessly persecuted by ecclesiastics whose own lives were sadly unconsecrated.

So Martin Luther made his great protest on behalf of the free grace of God, and called men like a prophet of old to repent and believe. Violent and coarse he may have been: mistakes he certainly made: but this rugged, homely, human figure had experienced the saving love of God, and was horrified by the contrast between the spiritual splendour which he found in the New Testament and the spiritual degradation which he found in the Church. He might perhaps have been



less impatient: the authorities of the Church might perhaps have been less complacently hostile: the Reformation might then have come, as Erasmus and Colet and Sir Thomas More had hoped, quietly and without schism. That a Reformation of some sort was essential, few students of the facts will deny.

To an age like our own, which is in revolt against individualism and has seen the evil effects of an aggressive nationalism, it is not easy to appreciate at its full value the importance of the message of the Reformation. We are apt to cast longing eyes upon the glories of the thirteenth century and to wish that we could return to it. It is unnecessary for our purpose here to argue the merits and defects of that great change. We are only concerned to note it as re-affirming a vital element in the work of Christ. If we look at the saints of Puritanism, at the early Quakers, at the Methodist movement or at the more Catholic churches, we shall admit that here men and women have found in Christ Jesus the same power as of old. They live in the practice of the presence of God: they give themselves fearlessly and without stint to His service; their lives are radiant with Christian love and faith and hope.

Indeed, in the succession of the saints, whether saints of the Church's Calendar or saints uncanonised, is the plainest proof that Christ is the same yesterday, today and for ever. Here and there on the official list may be one to whom Gibbon's gibe 'The title of saint proves that his cause was successful' may apply: or one of whom we may echo Tillemont's comment, 'He was a saint, but his actions were not always saintly'. But on the whole it is a company, diverse indeed in talent and achievement, but singularly united in the quality of its life and character; a company that bears the marks of the Lord Jesus; a company uniquely impressive in its power to reflect His likeness and carry on His work.

### The Redress of Social Evil

In the third place, and as a direct consequence of this transformation of individual lives, Christ accomplishes the redress of social evil and the reform of human society. Too often attempts have been made to set the gospel of personal salvation and the gospel of corporate righteousness in contrast. Yet in fact they inevitably go together. Man is a social animal; and it is in right relations with his fellows, and in the service of their welfare, that each one of us grows into fulness of life. To suppose that Christianity has no concern with public affairs, with politics and economics, is as absurd as to imagine that these can be Christianised while men and women remain unconverted. There have no doubt been Christians who withdrew from the world and cultivated a personal piety which was kept from contact with the problems of earthly citizenship: there have also been those who strove to promote corporate welfare while living lives of selfishness and sin. But, if we take the example of any typical saint, we shall find that personal devotion to Christ necessarily expresses itself in concern for the redemption of others and for the Christianising of society.

Here again we can see the principle at work in the pages of the New Testament. Christianity came into the world as a fellowship in which the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul. The unity of the Church expressed itself not only by works of mercy and a willingness to share, but by insisting that in its distinctions of race and class and sex were transcended. The recognition of the rights and value of women and children, of slaves and foreigners, if not wholly due to Christianity, was given practical effect by it. The exposure of unwanted children, the contempt of womanhood, the perversion of sex, the evils of usury, the brutalities of the arena, the ill-treatment of slaves, the waging of war—against these there is strong and continual protest.

So it is throughout Christian history. For if at times there seems to be acquiescence in evil and accommodation to low standards, prophetic voices are never wholly silent. But it is in the third and more recent period that the social influence of the gospel has been most clearly recognised. In order to illustrate this and to show how individual faith leads to social service, three familiar examples may be chosen.

### Christianity in Action: Against Slavery—

We celebrated in 1933 the centenary of the emancipation of the slaves throughout the British dominions. This, which Lecky described as 'one of the three or four perfectly virtuous acts

recorded in the history of nations', was chiefly due to William Wilberforce and the Clapham Sect. Wilberforce was a man of narrow and puritanical outlook, a typical example of individual and other-worldly piety. Reformers like Place or Cobbett constantly denounced him for his conservatism and indifference to social evils: and indeed his sense of the corporate aspect of Christianity was gravely defective. Yet his limitations only make his achievement the more remarkable. He saw that Christ's religion was utterly opposed to the traffic in human lives then flourishing in Bristol and Liverpool; and seeing it he gave himself to its overthrow. Critics might sneer at his care for his black brethren and his callousness to the sufferings of the white slaves in mines and factories. But in fact his success in proclaiming Christian principles in this one direction led on to the whole Christian social movement.

### —And Against Industrial Evils

To another Evangelical of almost equally narrow outlook is due the application of Wilberforce's work to social and industrial evils. Anthony Ashley Cooper, the great Lord Shaftesbury, owed his greatness to the Christian convictions which originated and inspired all his labours. Here again it is easy to sneer at the defects of his creed, at his almost priggish introspection, at his puritanism and his piety. Yet even his critics allow that 'he did more than any single man, or any single Government, to check the raw power of the new industrial system'. His exposure of the horrors of the pits and factories, his reform of asylums and lodging houses, his rescue of brick-yard children and chimney-boys, his interest in housing and sanitation, in ragged schools and rescue homes, in the suppression of the opium-traffic and the good government of India—these are some of the activities to which his faith challenged him and in which it led him to victory.

Wilberforce and Shaftesbury were men of rank, able to carry weight in the great world. If you want to see the sheer power of Christ to enable and inspire a life of service, go to the little row of workers' cottages by the stream-side at Blantyre and stand in the tiny room where David Livingstone was brought up. There is no more deeply moving evidence to the truth of the claims of Christ than that row of cottages can give. The mill in which the lad worked, the bench and books of his preparation, the tableaux that illustrate his heroic venture in unknown Africa, the hut in which he died alone save for his Lord, the few relics of his equipment—I know of nothing that speaks so plainly of the splendour of the Christ. Then go on and stand before the model of the new Blantyre in Livingstonia—the fruit and the monument of that one poor man's achievement; and reflect upon the miraculous transformation and evangelising of the Dark Continent. You will come away, if you are at all a sensitive person, humbled and exalted and full of awe.

### 'The World is Saved . . . by God and His Saints'

Those three examples might be multiplied a hundred-fold. They are deliberately chosen from types of Christian belief which might seem to ignore or diminish the sense of corporate obligation. Every Church can show similar instances of heroic virtue and inspired service: every age has given them to the world. Martyrs and prophets, thinkers and organisers, mystics and missionaries, reformers and pastors, men of prayer and men of action, men of all the centuries and all the races, in them the many-coloured radiance of Christ has been reflected. Great epochs, the thirteenth century, the Renaissance and Reformation, the exploration and development of recent times, are richest in them: but indeed they have never been wholly wanting. 'The world is saved not by its warriors and its priests, but by God and His Saints': you will remember the words which Mr. Bernard Shaw puts into the mouth of his St. Joan. I do not know if it expresses his own conviction: possibly he and I would give a slightly different meaning to the latter part of the phrase. But in any case it surely represents the verdict of history.

It is when men have been united in a common and supernatural loyalty, when they have been transformed by its influence and inspired to its service, that the world has been lifted from depression or complacency into hope and adventure. It is the religion of Jesus Christ, unique in its power and universal in its application, that has been the supreme source of the visions and the victories of mankind.



## *Round the Art Exhibitions*



Las Palmas: water-colour by Maud Sumner, a South African artist who works chiefly in Paris. She is exhibiting at the French Gallery, 11 Berkeley Square



Mantelpiece: tempera painting by Alison Debenham, whose first London exhibition is in progress at the Zwemmer Gallery



Summer Day, by Ivon Hitchens, at the Lefèvre Gallery. Rodney Burn and Brynhild Parker are also exhibiting at this gallery





Ballard, by Paul Nash, who is exhibiting new water-colours at the Redfern Gallery



Bourg la Reine, by Utrillo, whose works are on view at Wildenstein's, 11 Carlos Place, W. 1.



*Economics of the Week*

# *Social Investigation and Social Reform*

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

*Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, part of whose work forms the subject of this talk, died on March 30. He was Minister of Labour for four years and Chairman of the Governors of the School of Economics for twenty years*

**T**HERE were two things which Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland did—one nearly thirty years ago, one less than two years ago—which form as good a theme as I know for a talk on economic problems and how to study them. Through them I would like to make my friend who has just died live in your minds awhile.

The first of these two things was his work as Special Investigator to the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and Relief of Distress through Unemployment, which was appointed late in 1905 and reported early in 1909. From the report of that Commission sprang the Labour Exchanges and Unemployment Insurance, and all our other remedial action for unemployment.

Now, the Commission itself was a Commission like any other: about fifteen distinguished people who were expected to examine and cross-examine witnesses, get statistical data from Government Departments, perhaps send out a questionnaire or two. Those—and particularly the examination and cross-examination of witnesses—are the traditional ways of trying to discover facts for the solution of any problem of government in this country. And they are quite inadequate. They are based on false analogy from the law courts.

The oral examination and cross-examination of witnesses—putting people publicly into a box and asking them teasing questions—is the principal device of our law courts, and, on the whole, a successful device. The object of cross-examination in a legal trial is to shake the truth out of a man who knows the truth, but who may be trying to conceal it. But the purpose of a Royal Commission on a social problem is quite different from that of a trial in a law court. Its object is not to find out what a witness knows, whether or not he is trying to conceal it. Its object as a rule is to discover facts of which no one is conscious. You can't shake the truth out of a person who doesn't know it. You are apt to confuse him if you try. At best you get statements of opinion, not facts; you get hasty generalisation; truth about one tiny corner of the problem, posing as the whole truth.

For the work of a Royal Commission like that on the Poor Laws and Distress in 1905 or that on the Coal Industry of which I was a member in 1925, personal examination and cross-examination of witnesses, though it has some uses, particularly if it is kept private and informal, can never be a main avenue to the discovery of the essential facts. I hope it won't shock anyone if after ten years I admit that I sometimes found it hard to pay attention to the cross-examination of witnesses before the Coal Commission. I don't think any evidence given in cross-examination had much influence on our Report. We looked for our facts otherwise.

## **Special Investigators**

On the Poor Law Commission of 1905 there were, fortunately, enough members who knew the difference between the objects of a legal trial and the objects of an inquiry into social conditions; who felt, therefore, that reliance on the traditional machinery of investigation was insufficient. They secured the appointment of a number of 'Special Investigators', persons trusted by the Commissioners to go and see for themselves the facts of unemployment and distress. The Special Investigators were told that they should 'so far as possible obtain their information by personal enquiry and by examination of documents'; that 'it should in all cases be a fundamental part of their investigation to see for themselves the facts connected with their subject', and not accept statements of individuals about the facts, and that 'wherever practicable the statements of individuals should be corroborated by personal observations'.

In effect, the Special Investigators were told to do what the anthropologists now call field-work; as the anthropologists

study primitive societies, so the Special Investigators were to study an industrial civilisation. Among these Investigators was Arthur Steel-Maitland, to whom, with Miss Rose Squire of the Factory Department, was assigned one of the most important enquiries of all—the relation of industrial and sanitary conditions to pauperism. The conclusions of their enquiry were striking. Unemployment, which till then it was possible for reasonable people to describe as non-existent or a result of occasional trade depressions, was a persistent undeniable phenomenon, due to industrial causes. The main cause of pauperism was not idleness or disease or drink or ill-health, not trade depression or new machinery, but casual employment. These two Investigators went so far as to propose the prohibition of systematic casual employment and the substitution for it in such industries as dock labour of a weekly engagement and weekly wage.

Of course, in emphasising thirty years ago the chronic character of unemployment Arthur Steel-Maitland and Miss Squire were not alone. The same testimony came from many quarters. But the importance attached by the Royal Commission to the Reports of those and other Special Investigators stands out again and again in the Report of the Commission itself.

## **How America 'Discovered' Unemployment**

That is the story of thirty years ago. Within the last eighteen months Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland made another special investigation, with another colleague, in another country—with myself in the United States of America as the guest of the Rockefeller Foundation. I am not going to speak of the results of this investigation. He had not time to go as deeply into the whole American problem as he had gone into unemployment here, but he produced a survey well worth reading. To me, apart from results, the expedition had a two-fold interest. First, we were able to watch America today discovering unemployment, much as Britain had discovered it effectively thirty years ago. Second, in the way in which Arthur Steel-Maitland worked, in his determination to get past the statements of individuals to the facts behind them, in his methodical reduction at once to writing of the results of interviews, in his readiness to think new experiments worth trying, he showed exactly the same qualities as must have led him to his earlier report.

When I am told today, as I am told sometimes, that social reforms can be got only by frightening the governing classes, only as ransom to save capitalism, my reply is that of the social reform which I know best, the statement is not true. The remedial treatment of unemployment in his country sprang from laborious discovery of facts and making them so plain that action followed from the aroused conscience of the nation. To the understanding of unemployment as it existed thirty years ago, Arthur Steel-Maitland and his colleagues made a signal contribution. In the fifteen years of unexampled unemployment since the War, none of the six Governments that have ruled this country have thought it worth while to set on foot a study of unemployment, in its old forms and in its new ones, comparable to that made by the Poor Law Commission and its Investigators from 1905 to 1909. There must be a reason for this neglect. Sometimes I wonder what the reason is?

An O.B. from Pavlov's laboratory in Kouloumi, Russia, has been a feature of recent Moscow programmes. On January 24 a microphone was installed in the monkey cage of Pavlov's biological station, and an 'eye-witness account' was broadcast of the behaviour both of the animals and of the staff continuing their usual work on the study of monkey psychology. This was followed by an explanatory talk by one of Pavlov's assistants. Subsequently the 'section for self instruction' of the Moscow Radio Committee arranged to record the language of monkeys on a sound-film, which was broadcast with an accompanying talk.



## Foreign Affairs

*Stresa: Europe at the Crossroads*

By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

Broadcast on April 8

**N**EXT Thursday Great Britain, Italy and France will meet at Stresa to hear the report of the British Government on the visits paid by Sir John Simon to Berlin, and by Mr. Eden to Berlin, Moscow, Warsaw and Prague. With the map of Europe before them, they will take a bird's-eye view of the continent; and we had better do the same in order to see the problem as a whole. You will remember that after the Saar Valley had returned to Germany there was a general feeling that the improved relations between Germany and France ought to lead to further action in the direction of European security. Great Britain and France therefore made the London Plan for a general settlement to give Europe organised security. This plan had five parts, designed to link together the major problems in one European whole:

First came the pact of joint defence in the air which, as has been said, put teeth into the earlier Locarno Pact. This was the Plan's contribution to Western Security.

Second came the proposal for a Central European Pact providing co-operation between the Danubian States, and particularly guaranteeing the independence of Austria.

Third came the Pact of Eastern Security in which Russia and the States of the Little Entente—Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia—with Germany and Poland, if they could be persuaded to come in, would do for Eastern Europe what Locarno and the new Air Pact are designed to do for Western.

Fourth, a general convention for the limitation of armaments which would finally supersede the Disarmament Section of the Versailles Treaty and give Germany equality of treatment.

Fifth, the return of Germany to the League of Nations.

Great Britain and France agreed to lay this plan before the other Powers, and it was obvious that Great Britain was the right Power to approach Germany. After several awkward hitches, Sir John Simon went to Berlin to find out where Germany stood, and his visit was the first of the series which subsequently took Mr. Eden to Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Before we try to sum up the results of this British journey of exploration, two things stand out before us:

(1) The part assigned to Great Britain in the execution of the plan. Every one in Europe believes that British initiation and British mediation are indispensable to success. Not for many years have continental interest in Great Britain or British prestige on the continent stood so high.

(2) The visits to Berlin, Moscow, Warsaw and Prague are proof that we regard the Eastern Security Pact problem as the inseparable twin of the Western problem in the present condition of Europe. The British Government will probably not take any part in any Eastern Security Pact when it is made: but it may well prove that British diplomacy can play a decisive part in preparing the way for it.

And now to take in turn each of the four countries visited:

First, Germany. Sir John Simon has told us frankly that while the Berlin visit was valuable, nay, indispensable, it revealed a very serious 'divergence' of view, which at first blush looks like a forbidding gulf between our policy and Herr Hitler's and still more between Germany and France, on the one hand, and Germany and Russia on the other. Germany welcomes the Western Air Pact; but she wants to be free to pick and choose a bit here, and a bit there, from the general London Plan. She announces that her air-power is equal to ours—in numbers, though it cannot yet be the equal of the British Air Force in actual power. She will not challenge Great Britain on the sea; but, by her conscription law, is preparing an army stronger than the French. When it comes to Security, she will take no part in the proposed Eastern Pact. Herr Hitler once said that he would never do anything to 'safeguard Russia's Western frontier. Does that mean that he will never take part in any Eastern Security Pact, even if it gives Germany, too, that sense of security which Bismarck always tried to achieve and never could quite reach? What does Herr Hitler's 'never' mean? 'Never' is a wild word to use, especially in

politics. And perhaps Herr Hitler may change his mind when he finds that the price of German security in Western Europe is his readiness to co-operate with Russia in Eastern Europe.

Second, Russia. Mr. Eden found that people in Moscow thought the danger of war was nearer than we think it is. M. Stalin was reported to have asked our Lord Privy Seal whether he thought that 1935 was as dangerous as 1914. The strength of the Russian Army and Air Force show how M. Stalin himself answers his own question. But the difference here between Germany and Russia is that Russia does believe that security must be comprehensive, that a new order *must* embrace both Eastern and Western Europe, and that, in consequence, she is prepared to enter an Eastern Security Pact, with or without Germany, preferably (we must suppose) with Germany and Poland. Russia considers that the real meaning of German policy is armed independence and that there is little common ground between Herr Hitler and those who believe in the principle of collective security, based on mutual guarantee. The Soviet Government attaches some value to non-aggression pacts as declarations of moral purpose, but does not believe that they offer any real guarantee of peace. It is probable therefore, that Mr. Stalin told Mr. Eden that the guarantee of force, collectively used, in the form of an obligatory mutual assistance by arms, is an indispensable part of any pact which Russia can support, because the aggressor will only desist from aggression if confronted by an overwhelming coalition.

Here is divergence again. Can this gulf between Russia and Germany be bridged? Stresa must find the answer. Meanwhile, the Russian Press, speaking not without official inspiration, tells us that there is now a choice of three courses for Great Britain: First, to withdraw into isolation from Europe. Second, to accept to the full the principle of collective security and weld France, Russia and Italy with ourselves into an overwhelming coalition of the security-loving powers and dare Germany to do her worst. Third, to throw overboard the whole idea of collective security and return to the armed camp and the balance of power which must lead to war again: in a word to accept the German conception of armed independence.

And so to Poland, where Mr. Eden found Marshal Pilsudski convinced that Poland had gained great and unlooked-for advantage from her ten-year understanding with Nazi Germany, that her non-aggression pacts both with Germany and Russia seemed to give her as much as she could expect at present, and that the Eastern Security Pact raised peculiar difficulties for her. Why? Because, if this Pact compelled its signatories to march against an aggressor in Eastern Europe whether the aggressor were Germany or Russia, the battle would be fought probably on Polish territory, if not over the dead body of Poland. Poland would be the chief sufferer.

Please observe this, that Poland was, for years after the war, the military ally of France: but, in fact, she is today moving into the orbit of Germany, and she cannot now afford to accept any proposal which is not accepted by Berlin. The Polish problem is perhaps the key to the general problem of an Eastern Security Pact.

The attitude of Czechoslovakia is dictated by geography. The Prague Government insists on a genuine Eastern Security Pact and hopes much from a similar pact in the West. Czechoslovakia will only join in a guarantee of Austrian independence if her own security and independence are fortified by genuine pacts of mutual assistance in which both France and Russia take part.

I told you a fortnight ago that this was a jig-saw puzzle. What the journeys of our Ministers have done is to show where the pieces really lie, and why they don't fit. It is an anxious situation; but as no one wants war (that is what makes it different from 1914), and as three, if not four, of the Great Powers profess to seek a new order in Europe, we can go to Stresa knowing, as Mr. Eden said on his arrival at Victoria Station on Friday night, that though the 'difficulties of the European situation are formidable, they are not insuperable'.



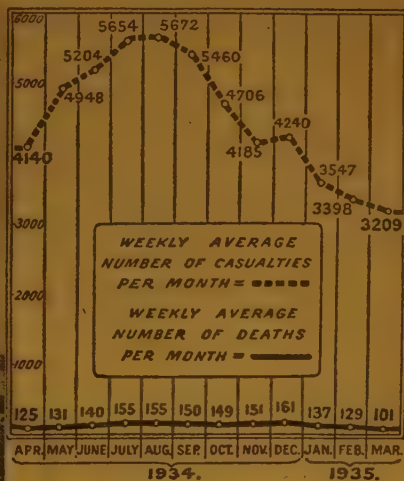
# RADIO NEWS-REEL APRIL I-7

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



## A LINER LAUNCHED

On April 4 the Duchess of York launched a new P. & O. liner from Messrs. Vickers' yards at Barrow-in-Furness. The new liner will be the largest and fastest vessel ever built for the Europe to India service. She is a ship of 23,500 tons and was named *Strathmore*.



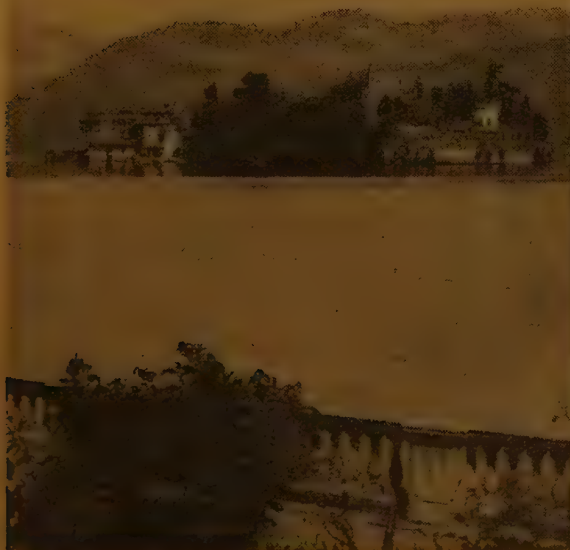
## ROAD DEATHS

A Ministry of Transport return issued last week showed that during last year 7,343 people were killed on the roads. This is 141 more than the figure for 1933. The diagram shows the weekly average for each month of the year



## A LINER TO BE SCRAPPED

During the next fortnight the *Mauretania* will make her last voyage under her own steam to Rosyth to be broken up



## ISOLA BELLA, STRESA—THE CONFERENCE ISLAND

In an article in the *Popolo d'Italia* last week the writer, believed to be Signor Mussolini himself, warned the Italian nation not to expect too much from the forthcoming Three-Power conference at Stresa



## MR. EDEN'S TRAVELS

The photograph shows Mr. Eden with Professor Moscicki, the President of the Polish Republic, on April 2. As a result of their efforts in Warsaw, hope was expressed in diplomatic circles that Poland's opposition to the Eastern Pact would not be so fundamental as had been believed





#### SCOTTSBORO' RETRIAL

The U.S. Supreme Court has ordered a new trial of Clarence Norris and Heywood Paterson, two of the seven negroes condemned to death for assault over four years ago. The defendants claimed that negroes were systematically excluded from the jury which convicted them: and the Chief Justice has maintained that if persons of the African races were excluded from jury service because of race or colour, the Court proceedings were invalid. The photograph shows the twelve jurors voting by a show of hands during the trial

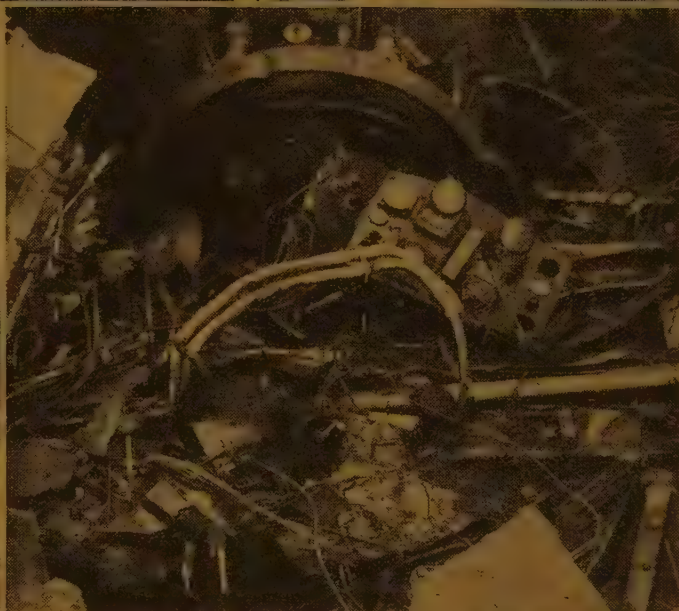


**TWO WAYS OF GETTING TO WORK** during the tram and 'bus strike in Dublin. Last week was the fifth week of the strike. Peace proposals put forward by Mr. Lemass were rejected by the men and an emergency service of military lorries was operated by the Government

#### NEW ENGLISH SAINTS

The Pope presided at a Consistory on April 1 which formally approved the canonisation of the English martyrs, John Fisher and Sir Thomas More, whose portrait after Holbein is reproduced here (right). In his speech the Pope urged the necessity of international peace. 'It has not been possible to repair the damage caused by the last war', he said, 'yet already the horizon is obscured by forbidding clouds'

National Portrait Gallery



#### AIR TRAGEDY

Inaugurating a new night service between Le Bourget and Croydon, an aeroplane belonging to Air France crashed about 40 miles from Rouen on April 1. M. Bajat, a French pilot, who had been flying between London and Paris since 1919, was killed. The photograph shows the wreckage of the cockpit

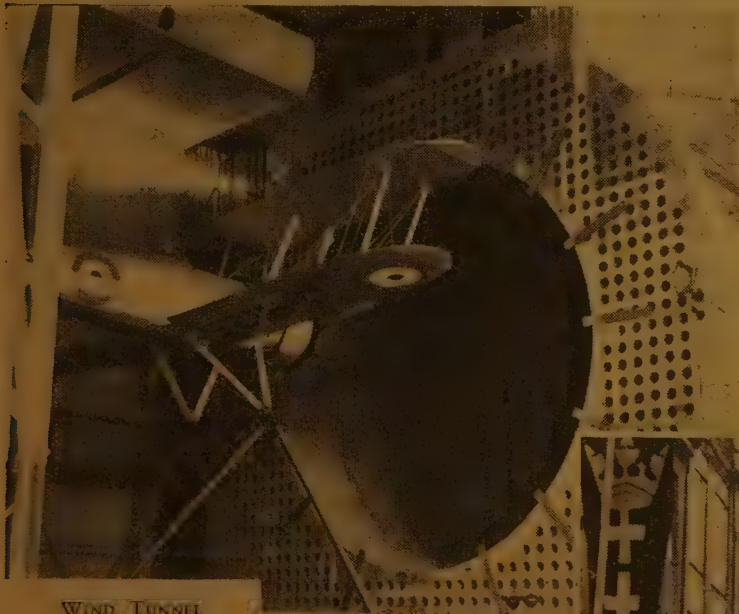






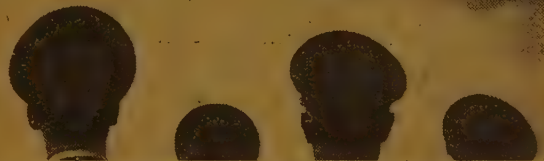
#### TITHE BONFIRE IN KENT

Effigies of Queen Anne and other persons were burned on Friday last at a farm near Ashford, Kent, following an abortive sale of nine cows seized for tithe. There were no bids, and the auctioneer's announcement that he would have to return the cows was greeted with a loud outburst of singing. Mud, potatoes and other vegetables were thrown at the effigies as they burned. The picture shows part of the procession to the bonfire.



#### WIND TUNNEL TESTING

A new aeronautical wind tunnel was opened by Lord Londonderry at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough on Friday. The tunnel is one of the largest in the world, and embodies the results of seven years' study and investigation. The Air Ministry calculates that if it can succeed by means of the tunnel in reducing the resistance of aircraft by as much as one-tenth, it can save no less than £40,000 in the petrol bill of the R.A.F.



**NEW GERMAN AIR FORCE OVER BERLIN**  
In the House of Commons, Sir J. Simon said of recent Anglo-German talks: '... The German Chancellor stated in general terms that Germany had reached parity with Great Britain in the air'



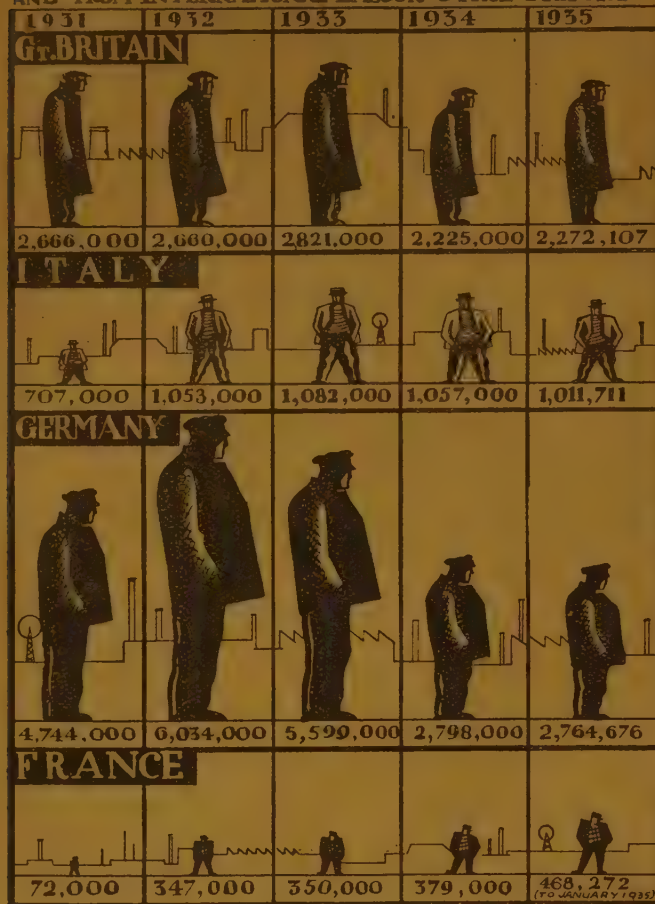
#### ELECTION IN DANZIG

The election in the Free City of Danzig on April 7 passed with few breaches of law and order. The National Socialist party failed to poll enough votes to give them a two-thirds majority which would have enabled them to alter the constitution. The photograph (right) shows the decorated main street prior to the election.



# NATIONAL UNEMPLOYMENT 1931-35

FROM LEAGUE OF NATIONS WORLD ECONOMIC SURVEY,  
AND FROM INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE REPORT.



## EUROPEAN UNEMPLOYMENT

Three European countries have over one million unemployed, according to the new figures published last week by the International Labour Office. The above diagram illustrates the general state of unemployment in Western Europe.



## CONSCRIPTION IN GERMANY

Throughout the Reich, the 1915 class, estimated at five hundred and eighty thousand men, were asked to report for medical examination on April 1. It is expected that at least one third of these will be rejected for physical or economic reasons, leaving well under three hundred and eighty thousand with the colours. The photograph shows a number of young conscripts leaving Berlin after passing the examination.



## PUBLIC DEGRADATION OF GREEK REBEL OFFICERS

The photograph shows one of the rebel leaders being publicly stripped of his badges and buttons in the barracks at Athens before starting his term of imprisonment. Two Ministers resigned their offices in the Government after having made comments on the sentences of imprisonment which are regarded as inopportune.



Photograph: The Times

## NEW ATTEMPT ON MOUNT EVEREST

The Indian and Thibetan Governments have given permission for a new British expedition during 1935-36. The infra-red photograph of the Everest Range reproduced above was taken from an aeroplane during the Houston Mount Everest Flight.



*Growing Wings**Final Tests Before the Licence*

By FILSON YOUNG

**A**FTER I had passed my technical flying test (that is, questions about the law governing navigation, lights, landing signals and customs and international regulations), I had to submit myself to a somewhat rigorous medical examination. The next thing was the height test, a rather delightful experience and not difficult, except that it involves making an exact landing after being up at a considerable height. Captain Baker did it once with me, or, rather, told me how to do it. The test is that you must fly to a height above 2,000 feet, then shut off the engine and glide down and land within fifty feet of a mark without opening up the engine (except for a short burst at a thousand feet to clear the plugs).

Captain Baker showed me where I ought to be when I had reached 2,500 feet, and when to shut off the engine. The first time I did it with him in the front cockpit, I made a perfect landing right on the aerodrome circle. A barograph to record the height was then put into the machine and I was sent off.

Since my first solo I had only been alone in the air for twenty minutes, so there was still the very acute consciousness that I was by myself. However, I anxiously watched the altimeter as I climbed and found myself at the right height, well behind the weather side of the aerodrome. I then shut off, and began a long glide across and down wind. At 1,000 feet I found myself on the lee side with plenty of space between me and the aerodrome. I got the speed down to about 600 feet and, being a long way back, came in on a straight glide—not usually a very wise thing to do, as the long glide throws out your sense of distance.

However, I came in at the right height over the fence and then—alas, alas! My eye in the last ten minutes had been concerned with considerable heights. When I got down to the ground and began to flatten out, the old uncertainty came over me. Was I too high. Was I too low? I saw I was going to overshoot, although all my other calculations had been perfect; so, reluctantly, I opened the throttle, went round again and landed without any trouble at all. But, of course, the test was vitiated, as I had used the engine, so a new roll had to be procured for the barograph, and I was sent off again on my second attempt.

Again I climbed, watching the slow figure of the altimeter creeping anti-clockwise until it hovered over the 2,000 mark. I went a few hundred feet higher, for luck, doing a gentle right-hand turn to keep me from getting on too fast in my circuit of the aerodrome. This time I decided to come in on a sideslip. During the latter part of my instruction I had been given plenty of practice in sideslipping—a pleasant and convenient method of losing height quickly—one of the many evolutions in flying which is easy to do but which, to be successful, must be done exactly. If you overdo it and get too low too soon, you can always put on a little throttle and so get in; but, of course, on this occasion, I had to be exact, as I was not allowed to use the engine, and I had no intention of going round again.

The approach was perfect. The distance was right, and I began to flatten out for the landing. Again—after looking down from a height of 2,000 feet—I felt a slight uncertainty, at ten feet, about the distance I was from the ground; but I was determined to make a finish this time, and, when I thought the moment was ripe, I pulled the stick hard back.

The gentle bump which I expected to follow in about one second did not follow. Of course I ought to have opened the throttle and gone round again; but here I was, within a foot or two of the ground; and its magnetism was too much. I waited. A very definite and emphatic wheel landing was the result; and I cannot tell you how guilty I felt at holding the machine down through the subsequent bounce, bringing it to rest on the mark. My pride in having achieved the height test was completely shattered by the disgrace of the landing.

Of course it happened that Captain Baker himself had been watching the test; although, indeed, the pupil flying solo at Heston is like an insect in a glass case—he cannot take cover,

and whatever he does is observed: eyes are watching him from everywhere, even although the owners appear to be otherwise engaged. As Captain Baker came out to get the barograph, he called out to me, 'You nearly broke the machine; you might easily have landed yourself in hospital'. I swallowed this affront as I have swallowed all others from the same quarter, as I had the feeling that its severity would be in some way tempered; and it was. For, as we went in, he said, 'A very nice approach, though'.

In the next week of bad weather, I managed to get in only another twenty-five minutes of solo flight, and those twenty-five minutes, engaged in flying round the aerodrome, seemed so interminable that I wondered how I could possibly endure a further two hours, which would be required for my qualification. Oddly enough, I have very little memory of any of them, except the figures-of-eight test and the final flight of an hour.

The figures-of-eight test is not so easy as the height test, but it is a pleasant piece of technicality, and is a test of your ability to make fairly tight turns, in complete half-circles either to the right or left, round two marks at opposite sides of the aerodrome. My task was, keeping at about 500 feet, to make a left-hand turn round the control tower and a right-hand turn round the wind-sock on the Hounslow side. I did several with Captain Baker, feeling not entirely happy about the right-hand turns, which were executed across the track of aeroplanes coming in to land; and the necessity of watching the nose of the machine on the turn, as well as keeping a bright lookout for those other machines, caused a certain amount of apprehension—not to say sweat. However, I took off and did my five turns. They seemed to succeed each other faster and faster. I had no sooner finished the left-hand turn than I was down in the dangerous area of the wind-sock, and I had no sooner circumnavigated that than I approached the tower and began to wonder whether it was three or four that I had done. Nobody can count these turns right. One man told me that he took up five pieces of paper with him and dropped one every time he went round the principal mark; but then he could not remember whether or not he had dropped one the last time, and so was as much adrift as ever. I was taking no risks. When I thought I had done five rounds, I did another just to make sure, and the half of a seventh before I turned left to land, hoping that, if I was out in my count, I could claim that the turns had begun at the wind-sock and not at the tower.

The landing that day was in the remotest corner of the aerodrome, almost out of sight of the hangars and the offices. I was rather exhilarated by having got rid of my turns and, being rather high up, decided to come down in a long side-slip. It was a beauty, but it was too long. It would have been better if I had divided it into two and done a little straight gliding in between, for, when I came out of the slip I was just behind the fence and very low. With that panicky feeling about the heels that one has when gliding in over the fence too low, I pulled the nose of the machine up for a second before pointing it down again on the gliding angle. As soon as I was safely over the fence, realising I was very near the ground, I began to straighten out; but it was not soon enough. I had gone through only the first movement when the front wheels took the ground with an effect which was entirely new to me. It was a kind of dead thump—with, miraculously, no tendency to bounce or rise. After the bump, I expected almost anything to happen; and nothing did happen.

I wondered if anyone had seen my landing; I hoped not. I taxied in with considerable apprehension, but no one seemed to have noticed anything. Captain Ferguson, who had been observing my figures, told me I had passed all right. I casually asked him and a ground engineer if they had seen my landing. They said, 'No, they were sorry they had missed it'. I was not sorry, but said nothing.



*Ancient Britain Out of Doors**Britain Before the Romans*

A Discussion between JACQUETTA HAWKES and STUART PIGGOTT

**JACQUETTA HAWKES** There are quantities of antiquities, dating from the New Stone Age onwards, which anyone walking in the country can see, aren't there?

**STUART PIGGOTT** Good heavens, yes. Practically everywhere in Britain where the country is naturally open and hasn't been cultivated too much you can find prehistoric burial places or settlements, defended towns or farms—even the outlines of abandoned fields that were growing corn in about 450 B.C.—(when Socrates was a young man) or going back

of Britain. I'll begin with burial mounds, or barrows, which are marked on ordnance maps as Tumuli.

**HAWKES** Yes, of course, I've seen them, and I've noticed that they aren't all the same shape, which obviously must mean something.

**PIGGOTT** Yes: There are two main kinds—Long Barrows and Round Barrows, and the Long Barrows are as a matter of fact the oldest prehistoric remains you are likely to see. They belong to the New Stone Age, the culture which first introduced the idea of farming and village life to England before 2000 B.C. It marked a great change in man's outlook, this agricultural idea, and was really the foundation of true civilisation. The Long Barrows—the tombs of the first farmers—are great long mounds of earth or piles of stones, according to the country. In stone country they usually have a burial chamber built of great slabs of stone at one end. The Cotswolds is the great place for Long Barrows, and on the hill above Winchcombe is a magnificent example, called Belas Knap, and there are lots of others, including Wayland's Smithy on the Berkshire Ridgeway. In Scotland there are long cairns, probably related, round the Clyde, and in Caithness. All along the Welsh seaboard, and in Cornwall, and right up to Scotland, you have these great stone tombs, called by archaeologists 'Megalithic Monuments', and they are so much alike that they must be the result of coastal trade four thousand years ago. There's a very fine megalithic grave in Anglesey called Bryn Celli Ddu, which has had its covering mound restored and now looks very impressive. In Cornwall you can see the burial chambers standing by themselves at Trethevy Quoit and at Drewsteignton and other places. Jersey and Guernsey have some very fine ones, too. The best of all is the Hogue Bie in Jersey; there the tomb is still quite complete under a huge mound 40 feet high. You can go along the original passage and into the burial chamber itself—it's extraordinarily impressive. To come nearer home, Kits Coty, in Kent, is actually the chamber at the end of a Long Barrow which has been destroyed. At Coldrum and Addington, not far away, there are remains of chambered Long



Stone burial chamber of a Long Barrow: Wayland's Smithy, on the Berkshire Downs

*Photo: Stuart Piggott*

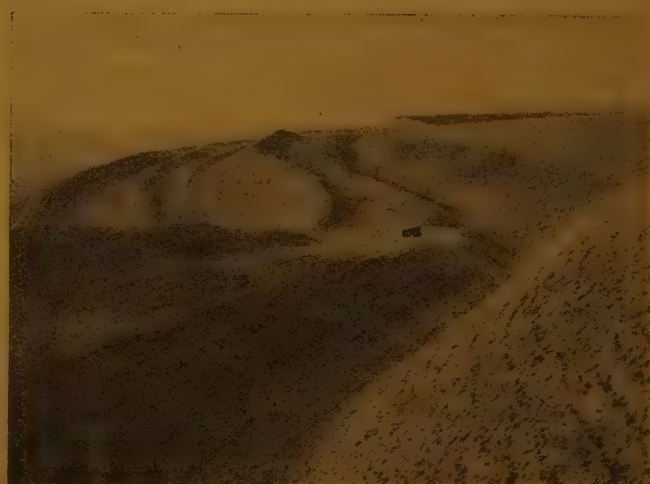
farther still, elaborate ceremonial tombs that were built on British moorlands four thousand years ago—at a time when the Sphinx was still practically a novelty in Egypt. You see, you have got more than two thousand years before the Roman Conquest in A.D. 43, during which there were a whole series of active cultures—call them civilisations if you like—coming one after another, and each of them has left some traces behind.

**HAWKES** Yes, I realise that, but what I really want to know is how to tell the remains of these different cultures apart. For one thing, the remains of one culture are not likely to be exactly the same all over the country, are they?

**PIGGOTT** No, not exactly; broadly speaking, they vary in appearance in accordance with the local geology. In districts where there's naturally a lot of stone—say, in the Highlands, or the Welsh mountains, or Derbyshire, or the Cotswolds—prehistoric man used stones for building walls, or huts, or burial mounds. But where there is no natural building stone, particularly on the chalk downs (which attracted prehistoric man because they were open country, with good grazing for flocks: you see, the low-lying clay lands were all swamps and forests, which were beyond his power to clear) the easiest way to make a wall is to dig out a ditch and pile up a bank with the soil you dig out, so the ancient sites in non-stony country are usually made up of banks and ditches.

**HAWKES** Yes, exactly. They vary just as cottages do now—stone ones in the Cotswolds and the North, and half-timbered or brick where stone is short. But I suppose they are alike enough for you to be able to class them together under periods whatever material is used, so you can tell the approximate date of, say, a burial mound, simply by looking at it?

**PIGGOTT** I'll try and give you some sort of an outline of the main types of prehistoric monuments you are likely to come across. It is rather difficult without taking you out and actually showing you the real things, but anyway I couldn't show you all the types without rushing you all over England—at any rate to those parts where you are likely to see prehistoric monuments. You must remember that practically all the Midlands were forest or swamp in early days, and it is only on the moors or open downs that prehistoric man could graze his herds or sow his corn. So I shall really only be talking about those parts



Ramparts of an Iron Age hill-fort at Maiden Castle

*Photo: W. J. Hemp*

Barrows with the mound better preserved. Although they're on the chalk, there is sarsen stone occurring naturally, out of which the chambers are built. The same thing has happened in North Wiltshire, where there are very similar Long Barrows with chambers of sarsen stone round about Avebury, but in the rest of Wessex and in Sussex, and again in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, the Long Barrows on the chalk are just long mounds of chalk rubble. These Long Barrows were used as family vaults—sometimes as many as a dozen bodies were buried in them. It's only guesswork, of course, but you can be fairly certain that there were elaborate religious ceremonies at funerals and possibly at other times. They felt it was necessary





Avebury from the air

Photo: Major G. W. Allen

to bury their dead in luxury and to provide them with pots and food and weapons for use in the next world.

HAWKES: But Long Barrows such as we have been talking about aren't so very common, are they? The most usual kind seems to me to be just circular mounds, with a ditch round them. I've seen them often on the Downs, and I suppose the cairns in Wales and other stony places are really the same idea, but built of stones.

PIGGOTT: Yes. I was just coming on to the Round Barrows, which are the commonest kind, as you say. They mostly belong to the Bronze Age, which dates somewhere about 1700 to 800 B.C. As I said, the New Stone Age Long Barrows were family vaults, but the Round Barrows were built each one for a separate person, a new type of burial custom as well as a new style of tomb, brought in by people who seem to be the earliest users of metal—copper and bronze—in this country. In the earliest Round Barrows the corpse was buried unburnt, but later cremation was the rule. It seems to imply a different religious outlook: the earlier a belief in the resurrection of the body, and the later the idea that the soul was liberated from the useless dead body by burning.

HAWKES: That's very interesting. But do tell me something more about the Round Barrow builders themselves—the Early Bronze Age ones. Were they the Beaker Folk?

PIGGOTT: Yes. Archaeologists have given them that name after a rather attractive kind of pot that they made. These pots, or beakers, are often found under the Round Barrows, for the Beaker Folk provided their dead for life in the next world just as the New Stone Age people did in their Long Barrows.

Enough skeletons have been found in the Round Barrows to give us a very good picture of these Beaker Folk. They must have been a fairly tall and strongly built people with large features, and they had very short heads—short from forehead to back—round-headed, if you like. They must have looked very different from the New Stone Age people, who were small and had long, oval heads.

HAWKES: Tell me where I can see good examples of the Round Barrows of these Beaker Folk.

PIGGOTT: Round Barrows are often grouped together—there is a good group just off the Ridgeway on the Berkshire Downs, called the Lambourn Seven Barrows, then there are the Five Knolls near Dunstable, and any amount on the Wiltshire Downs, particularly round about Avebury and Stonehenge.

Some barrows, however, are not big, conspicuous mounds, but

small humps standing in the middle of a circular area enclosed by a small bank and ditch (Disc Barrows they're called), and they seem to be related to structures which have been found by excavation to consist of circles of wooden posts standing inside a similar circular bank and ditch, a famous example being Woodhenge near Stonehenge. And then, of course, we come to the stone circles, which may be either the prototypes of the timber circles or derived from them in some way, which are frequently within similar circular earthworks. Avebury is the greatest of all stone circles, because it is over 28 acres in area, and is enclosed by an enormous bank and ditch, still practically intact, and several of the stones are still standing. There are lots of lesser stone circles on Dartmoor and in Wales, in Derbyshire there is Arbor Low, a very fine example, and there are others at Stanton Drew in Somerset. In Scotland there are some very remarkable stone circles in Aberdeenshire. They all seem to be Early to Middle Bronze Age, say about 1700-1400 B.C. I don't think any of them are earlier, but some may well be later. I think the stone circle idea was primarily that of a burial place, but, as the cult developed, the burial probably became rather secondary, and was put in merely because it was known to be the custom; and the circles may then have been temples of a sort—not with elaborate religions and priests, but with witch-doctors and dancing and general goings-on like native tribes in Africa today.

HAWKES: So much for the stately, white-robed Druids, then!

PIGGOTT: Yes, they didn't appear on the archaeological scene until nearly two thousand years later, just before the Roman Conquest. They didn't have anything to do with the stone circles and megalithic monuments, not even poor Stonehenge, which is always credited to them.

HAWKES: What about Stonehenge? It's rather different from other circles, isn't it?

PIGGOTT: Yes, it stands alone in one respect—the lintels or cross-pieces which join the uprights. There is nothing like this known elsewhere, and the whole construction has a very wooden look—it suggests carpentry rather than masonry—which brings in those wooden circles I spoke of earlier. Now Stonehenge and Avebury have an interesting point in common, and that is the avenues which lead up to them. At Avebury the avenue consisted of a double line of standing stones, 100 on each side, just over a mile in length. The Stonehenge avenue is very inconspicuous, as it is simply two small parallel banks and ditches running for over a mile to the River Avon.



HAWKES: On Dartmoor, not far from Princetown, I remember seeing lines of quite small stones set fairly close together but running for about fifty yards or so.

PIGGOTT: Probably the Hessary Tor avenues. I think these are the same sort of thing as the great affairs of Avebury and Stonehenge. They usually end up in cairns. By the way, there's an interesting type of antiquity to look out for on the moors of Scotland and Northumberland—Bronze Age carvings on natural rocks, usually small circular hollows, 'cup-marks', surrounded by four or five concentric circular grooves; there may be dozens of these cup and ring markings on one smooth rock. We don't know their meaning, so we say they're religious. A good excuse for ignorance!

HAWKES: That's honest, anyway. But where did the people who made all these elaborate barrows and circles live?

PIGGOTT: I'm afraid that, as far as the people of the Early and

forts were not military, in the sense that a Roman Camp near the Wall was military. When you see Cissbury or the Caburn or the Trundle in Sussex, Maiden Castle or Eggardon in Dorset, Yarnbury or Battlesbury in Wiltshire, Uffington Castle in Berkshire or Dolebury and Worlebury in Somerset—I could go on reciting names *ad infinitum*—don't try to imagine them as military fortresses and nothing else. Visualise the city walls of York or Chester; actually they are exactly similar to the ramparts of a hill-fort. A hill-fort was at once the market-town and governing centre of a region.

HAWKES: I suppose the ramparts would have been protection against wild beasts, too. There must have been wolves about.

PIGGOTT: Yes, when your wealth is largely in flocks and herds, you want somewhere safe to drive them at night, so that they can be secure from attack as well as yourself. Excavations have shown that the ramparts of most hill-forts were elaborately reinforced with timber-work, particularly at the entrances, where the foundations of complicated gateways have been found. At the great fort at Hembury, in Devonshire, there were found foundations of strong palisading and an enormous gatehouse. There must have been a certain amount of intertribal warfare and cattle-lifting going on; I should think the chiefs of rival territories were rather like the mediæval barons under a weak king.

HAWKES: What about the hill-forts in the mountainous districts; I suppose they were built of stone?

PIGGOTT: Yes. You get very impressive structures in the West of England and in Scotland and Wales. If you go to North Wales again you ought to see Tre'r Ceiri, on the Rivals. It is a magnificent piece of stone-built fortification.

HAWKES: Were there any villages other than these big towns? If your parallel with mediæval England is sound, there must have been something to correspond to villages.

PIGGOTT: I think my parallel is fairly sound—there *were* villages in large numbers that were not defended in any way. It is difficult to spot them with any certainty on the ground unless you have a fairly trained eye, as they merely look like a maze of hummocks and ditches and holes. There are also actual farms known, dating from the very earliest Iron Age,

and even from the Late Bronze Age (which was a forerunner of the Iron Age and quite distinct from the foregoing Middle Bronze Age). But what you can recognise fairly easily are the fields which surrounded the farms and villages in the chalk country.

HAWKES: But how can you see a field that has gone out of cultivation and is just downland?

PIGGOTT: Largely owing to an accidental reason. The Iron Age fields were smallish and roughly square, about 250 by 350 ft. on an average. When you plough a small area on a sloping hillside the soil tends to slip downhill a bit when it has been disturbed, and piles up at the bottom of the field. So after a time you have a sort of terrace at the lower edge of your field, and if the fields are arranged in a line side by side across the slope, all along the lower edge of each strip of fields a terrace is formed. If you have several rows of fields one above the other, forming a sort of chessboard pattern, the terraces (or 'lynchets') make a series of steps up the hill. Sometimes, too, there must have been low turf banks left between fields, for the cross divisions can be faintly seen—in fact you can detect the whole lay-out of a farm or of a village field-system.

HAWKES: I've often seen that chessboard effect on the downs with a low sun. The banks were shown up because of the long shadows. What about the White Horses cut out on the downs? Surely one of them at least is prehistoric, isn't it?

PIGGOTT: Yes, the White Horse of Uffington, in Berkshire. Artistically he is in a very distinctive style, similar to that used in the Early Iron Age, so he is probably of that date. All the other horses are only two hundred years old or less, but there are two human figures, one a great club-bearing giant at Cerne Abbas in Dorset and the other a man holding a staff in each hand, at Wilmington in Sussex. They're both prehistoric all right.

HAWKES: What about the crosses on the Chilterns?

PIGGOTT: Bledlow and Whiteleaf? I think they're probably prehistoric, although there isn't much direct evidence for date.

HAWKES: Thanks very much. You have made me feel I must go home and start planning a walking holiday at once.



Prehistoric fields on the North Wiltshire Downs, seen from the air

Photo: Major G. W. Allen

Middle Bronze Age are concerned, there are practically no dwelling-places that can be seen without excavation. All over the moorlands in England and Wales are scattered hut circles—rings of broken-down stone walling about twenty feet across, often in groups. These are the lower parts of round huts which would be roofed with a conical thatch, and some of them may be Bronze Age or even New Stone Age, but only one or two groups in Dartmoor have been proved by excavation to be as early as this.

HAWKES: What about the earthworks on the downs they call Camps on the Ordnance Maps? How early are they?

PIGGOTT: It's not easy to spot one of the rare New Stone Age earthworks: they are usually very faint, but if you do see a rather irregular, roughly circular bank and ditch, with perhaps another concentric ring inside, and notice that the ditch, instead of being continuous, is made in a series of separate lengths (like a string of sausages), you may have a strong suspicion that you are looking at a village enclosure about 4,000 years old, where the makers of the Long Barrows lived. There are not very many of these camps known: one is on Windmill Hill above Avebury, while on the Sussex Downs there is one on Whitehawk Hill just outside Brighton (it's terribly mutilated by a racecourse and allotments all over it), and then on the Trundle, overlooking Goodwood Racecourse, there is another, with a later earthwork—the kind of thing you meant when you talked about Camps—on top of it.

HAWKES: Are any of the later ones Bronze Age?

PIGGOTT: No. None of the Bronze Age people went in for that kind of building.

HAWKES: Then I suppose some of them were made by the Celtic tribes who were the people who first brought the use of iron into this country? The people the Romans found here?

PIGGOTT: Yes, they were responsible for the majority of hill-top camps. They are important because they represent a new social order which was introduced by these Celtic users of iron about 500 B.C., which was much more important than the change-over from one metal to another. These camps or hill-



*The Listener's Music*

# Vaughan Williams and National Music

*Vaughan Williams' new Symphony in F minor will be performed for the first time at the B.B.C. Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall tonight, April 10*

**N**O copy of Vaughan Williams' Symphony being available—the work is still in manuscript—nothing can be done in the way of preparing the listener by quoting its principal themes, or by giving some particulars of its structure and style. The next best thing is to consider his views on some aspects of music with which he has come to be very closely identified.

In 1932 Vaughan Williams delivered a series of six lectures at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, under the Mary Flexner Lectureship 'On the Humanities', the subject being 'Nationalism in Music'. The lectures, revised, and set forth in nine chapters, have just been published\*.

It is an odd fact that today, when the spirit of nationalism is so strong as to be a menace to the peace of the world, there are still people who say glibly that art knows no boundaries; even the most casual study of musical history is enough to prove the contrary. Quoting Whistler's remark to the effect that it is as ridiculous to talk about national art as about national chemistry, Vaughan Williams proceeds to show its failure to distinguish the fundamental difference between science and art. Science, being the pure pursuit of knowledge, is universal; 'Art, and especially the art of music, uses knowledge as a means to the evocation of personal experience in terms which will be intelligible to, and command the sympathy of others', who must of course be primarily those who are akin to the artist by race and tradition. This is more obvious in literature and painting than in music: in the former because of language, in the latter because the painter's imagination naturally works on what he sees around him.

Unfortunately for the art of music some misguided thinker . . . has described music as the 'universal language'. It is not even true that music has an universal vocabulary, but even if it were so it is the use of the vocabulary that counts, and no one supposes that French and English are the same language because they happen to use twenty-five out of twenty-six of the letters of their alphabet in common. In the same way, in spite of the fact that they have a musical alphabet in common, nobody can mistake Wagner for Verdi, or Debussy for Richard Strauss. And similarly, in spite of wide divergencies of personal style, there is a common factor in the music, say, of Schumann and Weber.

And he quotes Parry's argument and dictum as to style being, in the long run, national.

An interesting point that lay outside the scope of the lecture, but which the reader may with profit follow up for himself, is the important part played by other arts in this 'common factor'. For example, much of the romanticism of both Weber and Schumann had its source in German literature; the impressionism of Debussy is obviously related to the French impressionist school of painters; in a different way Flemish painters have influenced Flemish composers—especially Franck, whose chromaticism may be traced to this source (some of his ancestors were painters, and he himself had some knack that way); and so on. (The reader who wishes to explore this interesting avenue will find the best of guidance in Percy Scholes' *Listener's History of Music*, under Periods IV, 'The Romantic Composers'; V, 'The Romantics as Nationalists'; and VI, 'The Impressionist School'.)

What are the aspects of nationalism that tend to confine a composer's appeal to his own countrymen? This question will beat us until we can reduce it from the general to the particular and answer such conundrums as the following: Why are English and French ears deaf to some German composers who are very highly rated in their own country, e.g. Bruckner, Mahler, and Reger? Why does so accomplished and typical a French composer as Fauré make practically no appeal outside France?

Even when due allowance has been made for the chauvinism which is stronger in France than in any other European coun-

try, how are we to explain the disfavour with which English music is regarded in that country? On the other hand, does our characteristic leaning towards foreign music and musicians account entirely for the vogue of French music in England? At what point, and owing to what factors, do composers transcend the national boundary and become world-wide in appeal? (This is not a matter of 'size', for some of the lesser men of all periods have achieved general acceptance.)

As Vaughan Williams says, 'the composer who tries to be cosmopolitan from the outset will fail, not only with the world at large, but with his own people as well'. He asks, 'Was anyone ever more local, or even parochial, than Shakespeare?' And then (anticipating an objection that Shakespeare is an unfair example on the ground that the poets have not the common vocabulary of musicians) he plays his trump card in Bach:

One of the three great composers of the world (personally I believe the greatest) was Johann Sebastian Bach. Here, you may say, is the universal musician if ever there was one; yet no one could be more local in his origin, his life work and his fame for nearly a hundred years after his death, than Bach. . . . True, he studied eagerly all the music of foreign composers that came his way in order to improve his craft. But is not the work of Bach built up on two great foundations, the organ music of his Teutonic predecessors and the popular hymn tunes of his own people? Who has heard nowadays of the cosmopolitan hero Marchand, except as being the man who ran away from the Court of Dresden to avoid comparison with the local organist Bach?

The reader may ask what all this has to do with the average listener. The answer is that the history of music is largely a story of the part played by cross-currents of national feeling, manifested alike by communities and by individual composers: sometimes the desire has been to shake off the foreign yoke; almost (if not quite) as often, the yoke has been sought. Pro- and anti-foreign feelings have led to a number of happenings, some merely personal and odd, others of far-reaching importance in the development of the art.

If space permitted it would be easy to give ample proof that the subject of Vaughan Williams' book is no mere academic question, but one that cannot be neglected by listeners who wish to get the most out of their musical experiences by means of an intelligent approach.

As to the degree in which folksong may develop a national idiom, opinions will continue to differ. The early stages of the English folksong revival saw a good deal of self-conscious use of the material thus made available. Vaughan Williams admits this; but he shows that the stage was necessary, adding that 'it is the younger generation which matters: they are no longer self-conscious, they speak the language without thinking'. And, in reply to the remark sometimes made that the English folksong movement is dead, he says that 'it has just begun to live, we are now taking folksong for granted, whether we like it or not, as part of our natural surroundings; its influence is no longer self-conscious but organic'. This is true. A similar state of things exists in regard to plainsong: it is now used and appreciated in the most unexpected quarters. Yet thirty years ago it was an even more controversial subject than folksong, thanks to the *odium theologicum* with which it was surrounded. (When in my first post as a village organist I timidly introduced a plainsong hymn melody, the word went round that, owing to the machinations of such designing chaps as the new organist, the Establishment was heading straight for Rome!) Vaughan Williams himself provides a good example of this progression from the self-conscious to the organic. Although he is today more prominently than ever identified with the English folksong movement, the folk influence has been so completely assimilated that, although we cannot for long be unconscious of it, his music is above all remarkable for its strongly personal qualities.

HARVEY GRACE

\* *National Music*. Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d.



## American Half-hour

Some extracts from the first of a series of Saturday evening broadcast symposia designed by Alistair Cooke to show how America lives

THE American Ambassador, the Hon. Robert Bingham, introduced the series with the following message:—‘I believe there is nothing so important and so vital to the welfare of our countries as understanding and co-operation between your country and mine. I should like to repeat what I have said on another occasion, that we really know more about you than you know about us.

‘Among other things, the plan involves taking you, in imagination, to 42nd Street and Broadway in New York City. You will hear there the noises which are an inseparable part of the life of a great city, accentuated, perhaps, as a result of the stimulating climate; but I hope you will be conscious, too, of the peaceful, quiet countryside, beyond the confines of our great cities, where millions of people lead their quiet lives, comfortably and happily. You will be taken to the negro quarter of Memphis, in Tennessee; to hear the mellow negro voices singing the songs of their own creation, but I hope you will be able to visualise, too, other phases of life in a beautiful city, nobly placed on bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River. And may I venture to suggest that in listening to these talks explaining and interpreting some phases of life in my country, on the wings of your imagination, you will perceive as well the flowers and gardens, trees and plains and mountains and lakes, a great country wherein more than one hundred and twenty millions of

people live and work in freedom, and in security, and aspire to make their contribution in behalf of amity among all nations and of peace for the whole world’.

Some points of American law were explained by another speaker: ‘The trouble with all Europeans’, he explained ‘is that they think of America as a unitary country like Great Britain or France in which the same law runs throughout. The United States “are”, not “is”. They are forty-eight separate and sovereign States each with complete control of its own affairs, except for the few and—in every-day life—relatively unimportant powers that they have delegated to the Federal Government. When the early colonies gained their independence they were so jealous of each other that it was difficult to frame any union at all, and the present system is the resultant compromise.

The Federal Government then is the *creature* of the States, not, as in the British Empire systems, their *creator*. It deals with only a few matters such as defence, foreign affairs, interstate commerce, currency and postal business. Its criminal jurisdiction extends only to crimes against itself such as counterfeiting, misuse of mails, etc., and its civil jurisdiction only to cases in which inter-State questions arise or in which the State law or State decisions prove to be in conflict with the federal constitution.

This is the reason why, when Hauptmann had committed a murder in New Jersey for which he was tried and found guilty, he was accused in New York of other crimes, and owing to the fact that New Jersey got him first he was never tried for them. Had he been only a fugitive from New York justice

in New Jersey he could not have been brought back to New York except by extradition, just as a French or American criminal arrested in England would have been brought before a magistrate at Bow Street on an application for extradition, and if the New Jersey magistrate were not satisfied that there was a *prima facie* case against him he would not have been extradited.

All this, of course, causes a lot of confusion and there are some amusing cases on record. For instance, there was the case of a famous sheriff in Virginia who was a certified lunatic in New York. He escaped from the New York asylum and got back to his home State, where he was legally sane and competent to hold a very important office. There is no record that he was not a first-rate sheriff.

There are also cases in which a man may be divorced legally

in one State and a bigamist in another, and cases in which a perfectly innocent act in one State is a crime in another. There is the famous alimony colony in New Jersey, just over the Hudson river from New York. It is composed of ex-husbands who object to paying alimony to their former partners. They live and do business in Jersey City and Newark during the week-days—the telephone is very useful for that—and after sundown and on Sunday they cross the river and enjoy the amenities of New York. They must be out again before sunrise, however. The reason for



Manhattan from the air

this is that the New York sheriff cannot make an arrest in a civil process between sundown and sunrise, and a New York judge's writ does not run over the State boundary.

This little conversation in a restaurant made clear some differences between American and English menus.

WELDON: Well, let's go easy and take the dinner. What about a fruit cocktail, some Pomerang juice . . . ?

SPEAIGHT: The fruit cocktail sounds grand to me.

WELDON: Soup—Gumbo in jelly—Clam Chowder?

SPEAIGHT: I haven't the vaguest idea what clam is . . .

WELDON: A clam—it's a mollusc.

SPEAIGHT: I'll have it.

WELDON: Then?

SPEAIGHT: I'm going to go for swordfish. Have you got that, waiter? Make it clam chowder twice and I'll have a T-Bone steak, some mushrooms and string beans.

WAITER: Then for dessert?

SPEAIGHT: What about a sweet?

WELDON: I'm saying—what you call a sweet we call dessert. The choice is apricot pie, peach shortcake, strawberry shortcake à la mode, lemon meringue pie, cheese pie, Boston chocolate, cherry pie, apple, blueberry. . . .

SPEAIGHT: Lemon meringue . . . pie . . . for me.

WELDON: Oh, how about a salad before your dessert?

SPEAIGHT: Oh, does one—?

WELDON: With almost every meal—here's your choice.

SPEAIGHT: Well, then, an avocado salad.

WELDON: Make it two, waiter.





'On the corner of Forty-Second Street and Broadway'



Church Parade on Easter Sunday: the crowds of churchgoers outside St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue



Another aspect of Fifth Avenue: 'in one block you can buy a string of beads for half a dollar, or a string of pearls for half a million'

*Ewing Galloway*



# Cost of Self-Complacency

By JOHN HILTON

*One of Professor Hilton's weekly talks on 'This and That' to the Unemployed*

I AM venturing to talk about the £120 millions spent on preparing for future wars. That, by the way, isn't my phrase: it is one I borrowed from some of my correspondents. Others who write to me say it is utterly wrong to call it that. They say its whole purpose is to prevent future wars. Well, I'm not going to plunge into that quarrel right at the outset. Let us use words that are precise and raise no issues; let us call it the 'amount spent by Great Britain on the armed forces'.

I chose the figure £120 millions carefully as being about mid-way between the expenditure of 1934 and that of 1935. But I had better give you more exact figures because I want you to see how the amount spent on armaments has been growing in recent years; but just let me say that £120 millions is only one-thirtieth of the income of the people of Great Britain. Out of every half-crown we draw in wages, or salaries, or interest, only one penny goes to the upkeep of the army, navy, and air force. We spend much more on smoking (£143 millions); we spend twice as much on drink (£232 millions); we spend twice as much on getting about (£261 millions); we spend four times as much on public social services like unemployment, health, education, pensions. So don't get it into your head that we are squandering fantastic amounts and bleeding the country white by our expenditure on the upkeep and development of the armed forces. We aren't. I don't say it's a flea-bite. It's more than that. Let's call it a bug-bite.

Here is a table which shows the recent growth of our expenditure:

In 1932, £103 millions
„ 1933, £109 „
„ 1934, £114 „
„ 1935, £124 „

Those £124 millions include the new increases of £10 millions or so that you've been hearing of. The figures show an increase of £21 millions in three years. Not a bad little sum. It's about a trouser button compared with what we spend on beer, baccy, gambling, and amusements. That is looking at it one way. Looked at another way it is a nice tidy sum that if applied to unemployment would have wiped out any need for a Means Test. So it all depends how you look at it.

But there it is, an increase from £103 millions a year to £124 millions. Never mind the increase for a moment. How comes it that we are spending something over a hundred million pounds a year on army, navy and air force, seventeen years after the triumphant conclusion of 'the War to end war'; and why is every other country doing pretty much the same thing?

## Bad Boys of Europe—

Well, after the War all the statesmen of all the victorious nations tried to look as though they were going to be very good boys and carry out faithfully what their schoolmaster, President Wilson, had written on the blackboard; they wrote the good words in their copybooks without winking an eyelid, but there was hardly one of them that hadn't his pocket full of cracker-jacks and stink-balls and all sorts of devilment. And there were Germany and Austria, the vanquished nations, who had to be stood in the corner, and have their pockets emptied, and wear bad-boy caps, and told they mustn't have anything but a box of wooden soldiers and one lead gun and two tin swords to play with any more; and told they must pay fifteen thousand million billion pounds or francs or coughdrops or something every Pancake Tuesday or every washing day or every blue moon, I forget which. And all these inconceivably and now almost incredibly chuckleheaded statesmen, backed, mind you, by the almost unanimous opinions of their respective citizens, people like you and me (no, I won't come into this. I was flatly and fiercely against it. I hope you had as much sense. If you hadn't, go and wash your soul clean before you talk to me or anybody else about waste of money on armaments)—I say these Bedlamite statesmen with their Bedlamite advisers and Bedlamite publics behind them either thought or made faces as if they thought that a permanent peace could be established in such a fashion and in such a spirit. I remember writing and shouting at the time 'Never mind about settling up. The important thing is to settle down'.

But the mind of this country, as of other victor countries, was bent on settling up: vengeance, humiliation, reparation, cash, spoil. I think we weren't as bad as some; but we were a long way off earning a Sunday-school certificate. We had each and all pledged ourselves, under the Treaty, to reduce our armaments to the level of the box of wooden soldiers, the lead gun, and the two tin swords allowed to Germany. We all sent to Geneva, over long years, representatives to arrange for the fulfilment of our pledges to reduce armaments. And we all sent precisely the wrong people with precisely the wrong instructions. Instead of sending ordinary, decent laymen we sent Lord High Admirals and Commanders. So did other nations. Their attitude was: 'What's all this bally rot about reducing armaments?' They came not to offer to disarm but to see how they could get the rest to give something away without giving anything away themselves. I've hobnobbed, at Geneva, year after year, with those International Civil Servants whose fidelity was to the League and whose loyalty was to the purposes of the League and whose job it was to try to get these conferences to agree on something. I've known their despair, their heartache. The only thing on which they could get an absolutely unanimous decision was that nothing could or should be done to carry out the reduction in armaments to which all were pledged.

## —and the Results of Punishment

Meanwhile, Germany, standing in her corner with her bad-boy cap and her miserable little box of toy soldiers and popguns, has hardly been the pattern of virtue. I don't think myself she ever was. I sometimes think she wasn't much better than the worse-end of those who beat her and stood her in the corner. I think Germany was rather a bad lad. But, however that may be, the other nations' treatment of Germany made her a much worse lad than there was any need for her to have been. I'll make a confession. A few weeks ago three young Nazis came to spend the day with me at Cambridge, and though I've been in Germany many times since the War and spoken with many Germans, not until then did I realise to the full the humiliations under which Germany has been smarting for sixteen years past. I was bound to say to myself as I heard their story, 'Had I been a German I would have plotted and striven to free my country from that strangling web of pompous, paralysing indignity years before'. It's we and the other nations who have prepared the way for Hitler; who presented Germany's youth with the choice between the Dance of Death and the Hitler Fandango. Lots of the new Hitler song-and-dance I hate—I loathe. I hate the chivvying of the Jews and the bulldozing of labour stalwarts and all the infernal cruelties that upstarts, young or old, seem disposed in these days to practise on those who held place and power in the old regime or those who aimed at a different sort of revolution. But whatever is bad there is quite as much the fault of you and me and people like us in other of the Allied Countries as it is the fault of some streak of innate loutishness in a certain type of German. And it isn't by any means all bad; there is much that is good to say of what the Hitler ascendancy has done for German youth. So Germany, under Hitler, fired with the determination to be again a respected nation in the only way in which public opinion appears to esteem a nation worthy of respect, has hurled off her bad-boy cap, trampled it underfoot, come out of her corner, stood up to the lot of those who have failed in their pledges; and has said: 'To hell with your bullying orders. We'll be as strong as you are, and perhaps a bit stronger'. Meanwhile Hitler has been turning out some more of that awful German stuff, about Might, and Force, and Racial Destiny: stuff that makes any average Englishman want to leave the room; but that Germans seem to be able to swallow in gulps without discomfort. I suppose it goes to the head. And in Italy Mussolini takes it into his head to introduce military service into the infant schools, one baby one blunderbuss. So our massive-minded statesmen look round with dismay on all this and say . . .

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# Nanda Devi and the Ganges

By ERIC SHIPTON

THE main objective of the small expedition which I took to the Central Himalayas last year was to penetrate into the mysterious basin surrounding the great peak of Nanda Devi. The mountain, 25,660 feet high, is the highest in the British Empire, and yet, though repeated efforts had been made to do so, no one has succeeded in reaching even the country which lies at the feet of the 'Blessed Goddess', as Nanda Devi is called by the Hindus.

The reason for this is the fact that the peak is surrounded by a seventy-mile ring of mountains which must be unique. On the crest of this ring are situated scores of peaks each over 20,000 feet in height. The only break in the amphitheatre is on the west, where the Rishi Ganga River, draining an area of some 250 square miles of snow and ice, bursts its way through the wall, thus forming a gorge whose aspect is so fearsome that it has been described as the last earthly home of the Seven Sages or Rishis of Hindu mythology. Here, if anywhere, their meditations would be undisturbed.

Before last year nine expeditions had attempted to get into the Nanda Devi basin, some by way of the gorge, others attacking the mighty walls of the rampart itself.

My companions last year were H. W. Tilman, with whom I had climbed a good deal in Eastern and Central Africa, and Passang, Angtharkay and Kusang, three of those splendid Nepalese Sherpas who had served us so gallantly on Everest, in 1933. Our chosen line of approach was the Rishi Ganga gorge, the mouth of which we reached about the middle of May after a ten days' march from the hill station of Ranikhet in the United Provinces. We had brought with us eleven Dotial porters, and at the tiny village of Surai Tota we engaged eight more men to help with the transport and to supply local knowledge.

We found, as Graham had found, that the lower part of the gorge was quite impassable, and we had to make a big detour to the north over some high passes which were still under a deep covering of winter snow. A crisis which threatened to wreck our plans at the very outset was caused by the desertion of the Surai Tota men early in the proceedings. However, the Dotials shouldered enormous loads, and followed us with wonderful determination and loyalty. For two days we floundered through snow waist-deep before we could get across the first pass.

On May 28, in a heavy snowstorm, we reached the furthest point to which our predecessors had penetrated in this direction. Here we established a base camp, discharged our faithful Dotials, and began our search for a way across the grim precipices of the Upper Valley into the untrodden basin beyond.

We were now in what must be one of the most fantastic gorges in the world. The cliffs of the canyon rise almost sheer out of the river bed to form peaks of 20,000 feet.

Now only four miles separated us from our goal, but it was only after nine days of hard work, crossing the tremendous precipices of the gorge, along tiny ledges which were connected, high above the river, by the smallest and most fragile of links, that we succeeded in setting foot in the hitherto inviolate sanctuary.

We found ourselves in a world of indescribable beauty. There were luxuriant pastures, brilliant with wild flowers, and lakes on whose deep blue and green surfaces were reflected the icy crests of the great peaks; birds of great variety and brilliant

colour, large herds of wild animals which were so tame and regarded these strange, new visitors with such curiosity that I was glad not to have brought a rifle with which to supply ourselves with food. All round us was mountain architecture more magnificent even than the great southern battlements of Everest.

It was at once obvious that to make even a rough exploration of the basin in the time available before the monsoon was out of the question, and we decided to concentrate on the northern section and to return to investigate the country to the south after the main strength of the monsoon had abated.

In July we journeyed north, to the range which gives birth to the River Ganges. For six weeks we explored the glacier regions of this part, climbing peaks and crossing passes into unknown valleys.

The last of these passes caused us a great deal of trouble. On its further side we found ourselves on a 6,000-foot precipice of broken ice, down which we were forced to cut steps laboriously for two long days. Lower down things looked so hopeless that I think Tilman and I would have abandoned the attempt had it not been for the extraordinary enthusiasm of the Sherpas, who would not admit defeat.

When we reached the foot of the ice cliffs we became immersed in bad jungle, through which it was heavy work to cut a track. We now struck really bad weather. It rained almost incessantly day and night. All our kit got waterlogged, which made the loads very heavy. The undergrowth was so thick that in places it took us as much as an hour to cover 25 yards. Passang, too, broke a small bone in his foot. This put him out of action for any work, and the task of keeping up with us over the precipitous country which followed must have caused him frightful pain.

A deep ravine containing a formidable torrent cost us two valuable days before we could bridge it. Time was valuable owing to the shortage of our food supply, which actually ran out nearly a week before we reached the first habitation.

We were beginning to suffer from that unpleasant feeling of weakness, which is the first serious symptom of starvation, before we reached the tiny hamlet of Gaundar. Here we obtained a few handfuls of flour, which provided us with a meal not easily to be forgotten.

When we returned up the Rishi Ganga in September we found that a great many landslips had occurred in our absence, and there were signs that the rains must have been terrific.

Exploring the southern section of the Nanda Devi basin was not difficult. We climbed a peak of over 22,000 feet on the southern rim of the basin, and from the top we obtained a view of those mighty ranges of Western Nepal, a wonderland for some future generation to explore. We also succeeded in reaching an altitude of about 21,000 feet on the great southern ridge of Nanda Devi herself.

Then came the final *bon-bouche* of the expedition when we succeeded in crossing a 19,000-foot gap in the southern wall of the basin.

In the high mountains there were signs of approaching winter. Our little season of supreme happiness was at an end. There followed the marches back over the wooded foothills, whose ravishing beauty must leave an indelible memory with all those who have travelled among them. Behind us, floating in the upper air, were the giants whose presence we had just left.



Dotials on one of the first passes leading to Rishi Ganga



# Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

## Youth in Search of an Author

THE FERMENT OF JUBILEE productions is being kept up vigorously in the London theatres, but there is one tribute to King George's reign that I should like to see more worthily paid in London than it is as yet. I should like to see the young man of our period more nobly and inspiringly represented. We have plenty of keen and able young actors and playwrights. Their outlook upon many matters is full of intelligence. But something is lacking when it comes to their views upon youth itself—its hopes, duties, joys, struggles and ideals. Unless something arrives very soon to supply the need, I am afraid our London stage will give the visiting world during the great season ahead of us a curiously unjust picture of young British manhood in the nineteen-thirties. It will be a stage without a hero.

I have just been looking over some current plays in quest of a present-day leading character under thirty, of whom one can say that he is a type of young Georgian Englishman we can be proud of. Where shall we find him—the sort of fellow who is going to make the future worth waiting and working and fighting for? My search has been practically in vain. There is something cheery and courageous about the light-hearted gate-crasher in 'Youth at the Helm'; but he was originally a German. The eager idealist in 'Love on the Dole' is brought home dead before he can fulfil any of the dreams he had already half-abandoned. The ostensibly brilliant artist of 'Frolic Wind' and the honest young factor in 'Barnet's Folly' are harmless enough, but as characters rather limp and shadowy. I am not sure that the defiant young husband of Michael Egan's play, 'The Dominant Sex', is not the best of the bunch. He is at least a reaction against the tearful weaklings who have been occurring so frequently elsewhere. I don't think myself for a moment that this state of affairs is true of the nation at large. It is simply an accident of the stage that the real flower of our youth do not seem to get plays written about them.

S. R. LITTLEWOOD

## Wild Animals at Home

NYASALAND ABOUNDS IN ALL kinds of big game, and not a few of the native ideas concerning them are interesting. The elephant, vernacularly called *Nzobva*, literally means 'the silent one', and implies his capabilities of action if roused to anger. Before the advent of the European, natives were actually resigned to keeping certain elephants, these animals returning year after year to the same garden to eat the maize. The natives gave them names, they and their fathers before them having kept the same elephant.

The lion when attacking cattle in a native kraal walks around the kraal roaring. The terror-stricken cattle, stampeding into their kraal, break it down. The lion then runs after them and brings his prey down. A native will do a great deal in order to get a lion's heart, believing that should he eat it, the courage and strength of that beast will in turn be his own. I knew one man who woke up in the night to find what turned out to be two lions running up and down the roof of his tent like two playful kittens, so he fired a few shots through the roof; the lions stopped playing and went away.

Another man kept a pet leopard chained to the foot of his bed. One night returning from his club he saw that his leopard was loose and walking about the drive, so he stopped the car and got out, caught the leopard and pushed it into the back of the car, giving it a cuff on the ear; arriving at his house he pulled it out, dragged it on to the Khonde, opened his bedroom door and pushed the animal inside—and found his own already there.

F. SCOTT

## Hides and Horns

TWO OR THREE DAYS of the District Officer's week in Malaya are probably spent in the Courthouse, a wooden structure without walls, and with a high thatched roof. At the Bar table are Counsel, of all races. There is also the Court Inspector, and those indispensable people, the Chinese and Indian interpreters. Beyond is the dock, rather like a sheep pen. Two armed Malay Police stand each side of it. The police inspector calls

the first case. Estate coolies, drunk and fighting: and so we go on through the list—dishonestly retaining stolen property, cheating, enticing away married women, sometimes gang robbery or murder, both of which must be committed to the Supreme Court. 'One more case today'. In the dock stands a benign and be-spectacled gentleman charged by the Customs with attempting to evade customs duty on contents of a disused flour bag. The bag had been found to contain his uncle's skeleton which he was taking to a foreign country for re-burial. An energetic and newly-appointed Customs guard thinks it falls under classification of 'Hides and Horns', which are dutiable! Case dismissed with unprintable comments on Customs Department and apologies to the prisoner, who continues the funeral. Once a handcuffed Chinese leapt over the dock rails to freedom, with the police in full cry after him. I remember another occasion when a farmer rushed into court and said that a tiger had taken his best pig. We adjourned for the day and went in pursuit.

On one occasion there was an elephant which three men had caught in the 'nineties. They agreed with each other to have it for a period of seven years in rotation. By 1926 there were scores of children and grandchildren with a vested interest, and one large family was in rightful and proud possession. The sole survivor of his original captors was old, and anxious to make sure of another turn. So one afternoon he walked off with it. The enraged family laid an information for 'theft of a bull elephant the property of the Complainant'. Man and beast were eventually brought before the Court. The beast, duly marked Exhibit A, and tied to a pillar, interrupted the proceedings with a diverting repertory of noises. Eventually the old man was cautioned, and after the elephant had dined off a banana tree in my garden, and given my children a ride, he was restored to his rightful owners, who took him home in triumph.

A. G. MORKILL

## Handel's Operas

IN THESE DAYS of the revival of Handel we are hearing a great deal more of Handel's operas, and his operas are being revived on the stage. I have always got a slight scepticism, but I don't know how much of the interest that the public takes in these revivals is due to a care for certain matters of stage which would have offended Handel very much. I don't mean 'care' in the matters of the stage itself, but a certain stressing of ideas to which he really, in spite of all fine opinions to the contrary, did not pay any attention at all. We were always told that Handel relied upon the easy simple arias, cut down to the barest musical interest, and we were told we were all meant to be thrilled by the drama, and we were told how dramatic it was (whereas Handel would have thrown his wig at the producer and simply danced with rage, because his ordinary coloratura arias that expressed extreme agitation were being practically gurgled to death), and the coloratura and the gurgling and all the things that people pay to the great reputations of the singers were being thrown overboard, instead of the interest in the drama, to which it is extremely doubtful whether Handel himself was paying much attention, because of one or two exciting moments.

But while the Handelian opera, and the pre-Handelian or the Alessandro Scarlatti opera, was at its height, a base vulgar custom was arising. Between the acts there was an Intermezzo, exactly as in the Elizabethan drama there were clowns who clowned about in the intervals and sometimes intruded on the play. These Intermezzi were purely comic, and sometimes they were so good that they had a tendency to break loose from their moorings. One of these was 'La Serva Padrona', by Pergolese—who is known as a composer of a little ably-written Stabat Mater. 'La Serva Padrona' was a farce about a servant girl who tried to get entirely the upper hand of her poor old master, and it was very far from edifying, and quite different from the Stabat Mater which was full of decorous music. Pergolese, the composer of a Stabat Mater, was also the composer of this Intermezzo 'La Serva Padrona'. Well, it got loose and got produced in Paris sometime before the time of Gluck, and long before the war of the Gluckists and the Puccinists. (The partisans of Gluck as the great reformer of opera, and the partisans of Puccini—not at all in his class, but as a partisan who happened to be Italian instead



of Austrian—Austrian being Marie Antoinette for French, so to speak.) They were buffoonists and anti-buffoonists. The question was whether the people who wrote comic operettas were artists, the people who wrote coloratura arias and dressed up their characters in periwigs and called them by the names of classical heroes and arranged a wonderful stage spectacle with the most marvellous scenery, consisting of about thirty words sung by about seven people with these classical names. If they were asked to write a little amusing and vital piece, they would probably reply, 'I can, but it would not be art'.

Well, 'I can, but it would not be art', is no doubt a very respectable motto. I am sorry to say that there are times when I am inclined to say that it is really the motto of the decadents. One of the things that anybody could do which would not be art, for instance, was to write an Overture to a comic opera. The Overture generally consisted of rather rubbishy diddle-diddle stuff. 'Hey-diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle' is to me the text for a good deal of writing of that kind, which persons unacquainted with Handel supposed to be peculiarly Handelian. But composers of comic opera, and sometimes even the composers of serious opera, or the compilers of serious operas, cannot help occasionally writing good music; and the composers of comic operas, and the composers of anything so good as 'La Serva Padrona', were pretty certain at some time or another to write something really alive.

In Handel's most serious operas there are perfectly delicious things, like the Gavotte in 'Otto', and there are hosts and hosts of perfectly heavenly tunes in quite light vein like that and like other things, in Handel's operas and in his oratorios. So much so, that some people maintain the paradox that Handel is at his lightest when he is at his heaviest. I don't think that is true. I think Handel was a very sincere person, and that when he said that he hoped to die on Good Friday because he would be sure to rise on Easter morning with his Saviour, I think he was perfectly genuine. And I have never for my part had the remotest doubt of the sublimity of Handel's work.

SIR DONALD TOVEY

## Trading in Human Hair

ALTHOUGH LONG HAIR is out of fashion there is still a trade in it: it is used for making wigs or extra hair pieces and London is the chief centre of this trade. The hair comes from the heads of the peasant women of Brittany, Switzerland, or Northern Italy. So when you go to the cinema and see a popular star with fair wavy hair you may be admiring the tresses of a poor shepherdess from Savoy.

Merchants get the hair from buyers who live on small farms which they cultivate for three or four months of the year. About the end of August these buyers leave on ponies laden with dress materials and what little money they have been able to save to offer in exchange for the hair. They stay away for about three months, during which time they hope to buy and bring back perhaps forty or fifty pounds of hair—raw hair of all colours, textures and lengths. Payment is made with dress materials or, in rare cases, cash—never very much. Incidentally they make a poor living because hair only grows about half an inch a month and they have to seek it in very poor and scattered districts.

The buyers may have to spend a week in one village before they can persuade a woman to part with a particularly fine head of hair. Their method of cutting is simple: it is usually done in the open air under the shade of a large umbrella and the hair is cut close to the head, leaving a margin of about two inches all round so that the seller can still gather enough to cover her head.

Peasants living in the high altitudes breathe a rarefied air and are usually healthy. The diet of sour goat's milk and cheese is of great value to the hair, but, strangely enough, the best comes from those who are not overclean in their habits. Another strange fact is that women who keep their hair perpetually covered actually produce the best colours. The hair is even in tone. If it is bleached by the sun or by strong washing soaps it is of little value to the merchant.

The buyers return home and there they sort the hair. When sorted it is made up into parcels containing a proportion of white and blonde, the two most expensive shades. These parcels, which are really sacks containing about a quarter of a hundred-weight, are sent to London. Here another sorting takes place and all the hair is washed and hung in the open to dry.

Then comes a process known as 'drawing off' in which the

lengths from each head are sorted and tied into five or six strands. The wavy hair is dipped in water and allowed to dry naturally and the various lengths are gathered together into 'heads' ready for the wigmaker. If the hair is straight it is wound on wooden rollers and boiled—this has much the same effect as a permanent wave.

Sometimes the hair has to be dyed or bleached in order to match an exact shade, but this is not usual. As a rule experts mix a proportion of several colours and different types in order to match a shade. Finally the hair is sent to the wigmaker, who makes it up into attractive and almost undetectable wigs. The partings are made by drawing single hairs through a fine silk which even the ciné camera cannot detect. There is a great deal of art and skill in the craft of wigmaking, but as you will realise the business of buying and selling hair is both romantic and fascinating.

N. E. B. WOLTERS

## At an Indian Fair

BEFORE AUSTRALIAN HORSES were imported into India, the sturdy Deccan cobs and ponies used to mount most of our Indian cavalry. In those days Malegaon Fair in Hyderabad was the chief source of supply. Here the Remount Officers of the Government of India bought their horses, and competed with representatives of the Central and Southern States for the best animals. The glory of the Fair has somewhat departed, but on my last visit there were still some two or three thousand horses for sale, besides cattle, donkeys, and camels. At dusk, the lights of 100,000 men, women, and children encamped in the open are a strange sight. We are greeted by the smiling Teluqdar, the official head of the district, and the director of the Veterinary Department, and escorted to our tents, where, after an early dinner, we go to bed.

In the morning I visit the horses tethered in lines, with their owners bivouacked among them. Perhaps I recognise, or am introduced to, a noted breeder and admire his stock. The Maharratta yeoman in his picturesque head-dress and cotton riding kit is one of the most attractive figures in the world. We exchange stories of the past, of how so and so won the gold medal for the best brood mare, and how such and such a Sahib was there in those days.

In the afternoon there are races. Our English jockeys would open their eyes, if they could see the course. It is a straight run of about two furlongs only. The soil is hard and gravelly, covered with loose stones. The stakes are less than two pounds in English money, but excitement runs high, and as the jockeys near the winning post they yell and scream like madmen. Last of all comes the camel race. The camel is a grudging animal. If he can, he will refuse to go to the post at all. His rider has one rope only to control him, and that is tied through his nose. In the last resort all that can be done is to pull his head round hard against his shoulder. So he can really run in any direction he likes, and generally does so without regard to his rider's wishes. That afternoon, one camel refused to move, and when hurried, threw himself on the ground like a child in a temper and rubbed his nose in the dust! At length four were started. All but one ran out, and the last remaining camel came by at a lumbering canter. I shall never forget how his rider made the sky ring with his shouts of triumph.

B. ABDY COLLINS

## Nature Films

(Continued from page 597)

In various countries moves are being made in the direction of organising films; but a great deal remains to be done. Until more is done, we shall not be reaping the full benefits of all the time and energy and skill expended by those who have gone into the strange places of the world, or taken the trouble to go behind the scenes of Nature at home, to make films.

I have recently been making a few enquiries about nature films, and have been astonished at the amount of good material which is lying about, largely unused, in different places. Beavers building dams, golden eagles at the nest, vampire bats lapping blood, the microscopic populations of pond water, the development of strange marine creatures, speeded-up films of growth and blossoming in plants, big game in its native haunts—the material is there: what we need is some simple but comprehensive organisation to make it available not only to the student but to the general public which enjoys such subjects.



## Gardening

# Making a New Lawn

By A. E. BURGESS

**H**ALF the troubles with lawns might be avoided if the lawns are properly constructed in the first place. It is much easier to prevent troubles than to correct them afterwards. For example, bad drainage is responsible for a lot of the moss, and certain kinds of weeds and poor grass, which so many people complain of, and the drainage problem is very much easier to deal with before making the lawn than afterwards. Then again I feel certain that the presence of large quantities of perennial weeds is due in many cases to the fact that the ground was not properly cleaned before the lawn was made.

Let us concentrate on the essential operations which are necessary in the preparation of the lawn. In the first place, is the ground generally level? If it is, the work can be carried out quite easily. But perhaps your ground is on a slope, and you want to make it level. This, of course, can be done by removing soil from the upper portion and wheeling it on to the lower part, but you must be careful how you do this, or you may find, when you have finished, that all your good top soil is buried at the lower end, and your new surface is nothing but barren sub-soil, which won't grow grass or anything else. That won't do, so the first thing to do is to remove the top spit of soil from the whole area, and put it on one side. Then you can get on with the levelling, and finish off by putting back the top soil, and spreading it evenly over the whole surface. If the ground is generally level, but uneven, with a lot of bumps and hollows in it, the best way to level it is to drive pegs in along the boundaries, and at intervals over the site, and carefully adjust them by means of a long straight board and a spirit level. Having got the level by means of the pegs you can then proceed to move the hills into the hollows, and fill them up to the level of the pegs.

Now a word about the preparation of the soil, which is of the utmost importance. Of course if you have had to do a good deal of levelling further digging may not be necessary. But assuming that you start with a level site, then don't be afraid to dig it deeply. Opinions are divided as to the depth the soil should be moved, but experience has convinced me that deep working is far and away the best plan. If the soil is heavy I should certainly advise trenching the ground at least 18 inches deep, taking care to keep the top soil at the top. With lighter soils, digging a foot deep might be sufficient, but even with these I should prefer trenching. I expect some of you will be thinking I must be wrong in making such suggestions, first because grass is not deep rooting, and also because you have seen grass growing well on gravel paths, and other places where there is practically no soil at all. Perhaps you have, but not the kind of grass you want on the lawn. Trenching is really necessary to assist drainage, and also to bring about just the physical condition of the soil which will ensure a free movement of soil moisture, and so help the grasses to survive the long, dry periods which we often get nowadays. I trenched the soil two feet deep when I made my own lawn some years ago, and although I have never used any water on it, the grass has remained green throughout the past two dry summers.

The question of drainage is important, and there are various ways of ensuring this. Pipe or clinker drains might be useful in some cases, but in small gardens the problem of finding an outlet for these drains is often a difficult one. At any rate you may rest assured that the trenching of the ground which I have advocated is an excellent aid to drainage. The mixing of ashes—even coal ashes or cinders—or sharp sand with the top soil in heavy clay soils will be helpful.

Now, having carefully prepared the soil, and in the process picked out every tiny piece of root or stem of perennial weeds, we are ready to get on with the real work of lawn-making. You may be debating in your mind whether you will put down turf, or sow seeds. Well, if you can get good turf from an old well-kept lawn, get it by all means, but examine very carefully any turves which may be offered you from building sites or rough pastures. They often contain perennial weeds and very poor grass, and then you are asking for trouble. Really good turf is very scarce.

It is a bit late in a general way for turfing now, but so long as you are prepared to keep it watered, and look after it, it can still be done. Personally I prefer seeding, because in this way you can

get just the right kind of grass you want to make a really good lawn. It may take a little longer, but it will give you the best results. Grass seeds are sold as mixtures, that is, several species are blended together. Some are upright growers, others are creeping, and in combination they make a good lawn. Now there are good and bad seed mixtures from the point of view of the lawn, so get the best you can afford. The cheap mixtures contain a large percentage of coarse grasses, such as perennial rye grass, which may be all right for playing fields, but not for the lawn. There are mixtures for heavy, light, chalky, and shaded soils, and you should tell your seedsman something about your conditions when ordering the seeds.

Most of the big firms offer special blends for different purposes, and if a local seedsman doesn't do the blending himself, he knows where to get the special mixtures from, so long as you make it quite clear what you want it for.

When you have got the surface raked fine, and have removed all the large stones and any other obstructions and impedimenta, you will be ready for sowing the seeds. You will require two ounces of seed to each square yard. Place sticks a yard apart along each *end* of the plot. Then stretch a piece of string from each stick to the corresponding one at the other end, next place sticks a yard apart on each *side* of the plot, and connect them up with string also, and then you will have the lawn marked out into square yards. Find a little measure of some sort which will hold just two ounces of seed, and for each separate square yard you will take a measure full. Spread the seeds evenly over the surface until the whole area is sown. Now remove the strings and run a light roller over the ground to press the seeds into close contact with the soil. If birds are troublesome, stretch strands of black cotton across about four inches above the ground. Always select a time when the soil is not too wet for working. When the grass comes up, weeds will come up too, and you mustn't let the weeds get ahead too much, or they will smother the grass. Don't cut the grass short for at least two months. The first cuts should consist of just taking off the tips of the young grass.

In a general way I usually advocate a dressing of two ounces of fine bone meal to a square yard before sowing. But, of course, it isn't always necessary. Good soils don't need it, and on others, particularly chalky or limy soils, it has a tendency to encourage clover, so you see it depends on circumstances; but in any case a light dressing of bone meal will do no harm, it is much more likely to do good.

## If Suddenly. . .

If suddenly the light should come  
if the great mountain moved, and the huge mass  
lurched, and the small birds fell silent,  
then  
burst to a twittering of fear

If suddenly the air grew taut  
and the horizon rose, and trees  
scribbled the sky, as the rocky heath and full-grown forest tilted  
in the stone cloud and fluid earth  
at Elm, the day the mountain fell

If suddenly the light should come  
touching the king upon the shoulder  
stepping between the lover and the love  
slipping between the shuttle and the loom  
if suddenly

As the one heart beats faster  
as the one blossom grows  
as the one rock is broken  
if suddenly  
if suddenly the light should come?

MICHAEL ROBERTS



## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

### The Artist and his Public

I was careful to say, 'If we take Mr. Wilenski at his word'. It was his latest word, and I found it difficult to believe that a man of his intelligence could mean what he so jauntily said. To illustrate originality in one kind of modernist art, I referred to sculpture like Mr. Henry Moore's, in which the artist's 'enlargement of his experience' involves diminishing or abolition of features and limbs and the supply of microcephalous heads. I did not, as Mr. Wilenski makes me, say that the artist was without a nose. Any originality, he still maintains, any 'enlargement of the artist's experience', is good, *ethically* good. No: not even that, for enlargement, as such, implies no standard of quality, merely one of quantity. The other standard of quality, the æsthetic, Mr. Wilenski has already ruled out. He is left, therefore, with no value, save scientific curiosity, for visual experience. It is an enlargement of ordinary experience to sit upon a fire, instead of upon a chair, but it is not a valuable experience, except as a warning not to do it again. What an illusion, moreover, to think that the modernist's diet of desiccated diagrams is an addition to the 'experience' of a Titian! Enlargement of the spleen, perhaps.

Your correspondent, Mr. Izod, will find it easy to understand my point about Velázquez-Rembrandt if he will go back to it: the quite different point that Velázquez keeps a perpetual youth and 'unwithered countenance' is, however, worth his consideration as well; for Mr. Izod, it is odd that recent fashions are touched with senile decay while we look at them. I took him actually beyond Mr. Newton's 'threshold' into *Surréalisme* (or Back to Bosch) and farther still into the art of the future, the 'movies', purged of their vulgarity. I will whisper in my critic's ear that a great deal of current art is, whatever its intention, less suitable for consumption and enjoyment than for lecturing and examination purposes. Hereby a parable:

A certain man gave a feast for men from the street, and appointed a Constable to persuade them to come in, but saying, When they have well eaten and drunk, see to it that they are put to the question of their reactions, motor-vascular, biliary or digestive, to the fare provided. It was done; the guests were guided by Mr. Newton past many of the ingenious devices with which The Approach was thickly strewn by Mr. Wilenski and others. When they had fed as well as could be expected they were examined under those heads:

1. Do you feel at all sick after tasting pictures?
2. Do you, on the contrary, feel better after absorbing (a) Picasso, (b) Paul Nash, (c) Wadsworth, and in what way, if any, are you affected by taking a Pitchforth?
3. Do you really prefer the menu and speeches to the meal itself; or do you favour establishments for forcible-feeding?

Ambulances were in attendance for the sufferers after their ordeal: among the drivers, somewhat taken aback to be described as 'Dr.', was—

London, N.W.11

D. S. MACCOLL

Mr. Izod's perplexities will not be easily resolved—except by himself. But he has my sympathy. To expect to understand modern art 'with a little patience and a few tips' seems reasonable enough. He is evidently willing to exercise patience provided the tipsters do not quarrel too much among themselves. But is Dr. MacColl's tip really so different from mine? To sum up his summing up, he says that there has been a flight, in recent years, from the 'picture', meaning that there has been a flight from what he himself has defined as a 'picture'. Very well. I agree. But we can make two deductions from that. His own deduction is that painting is now 'bankrupt' (but, he kindly adds, 'not finally defunct'). Mine is that we must revise or enlarge our definition of a 'picture'. If modern art has started to explore non-representational possibilities, we can either say that it is wrong to do so because it is deserting its proper sphere of activity—which is roughly Dr. MacColl's position; or we can say that it may be right to do so, but that we must try to understand what its new sphere of activity is before we decide whether it is the proper sphere or not—which is roughly my position, and one which I have tried to enlarge upon in my recent broadcasts.

I do not propose to reopen the case for modern art, or review the evidence over again, but since Mr. Izod wants tips, I will

give him the only reason I have (apart from my personal conviction, which is a thing no man can impart to another) for backing my own particular horse. What gives me confidence in my own beliefs—and this, I hope, may help to restore Mr. Izod's shaken equilibrium—is the testimony of history. Art has always expressed the spirit of the age, usually a little bit in advance of the age. The only sort of art which, in retrospect, seems to us 'bankrupt', is derivative or unimaginative or eclectic art, art which relies either on virtuosity or on copying, and which incidentally has always been praised by its contemporaries because it was easily understood, since it trod an already well-paved road. On the other hand, art which has been startling or anti-traditional, which has forced people either to reject it or to enlarge their definitions before they could accept it, has usually in the long run proved to be genuine and often great. Today it is presenting us with the same alternatives. Art today is certainly neither eclectic nor unimaginative; the odds are therefore that it is genuine. I personally cannot believe that a large school of artists all over Europe has been deliberately, for the last twenty-five years, playing a practical joke on the public, and continues to do so today in the face of starvation and ridicule.

May I repeat the sense of what I said in my debate with Mr. Hollowell? Modern art interests me for the same reason that this month's railway timetable interests me. It may not be in such clear type or on such good paper as last month's, but it refers to the trains that are running today and will be running tomorrow, and not to the trains which stopped running the day before yesterday. Those of us who are no longer keen on travelling may easily prefer to sit at home and remember the grand old express trains that carried us along in the adventurous journeyings of our youth.

London, W. 1

ERIC NEWTON

### Picture-Borrowing Scheme

Your information contained in the one sentence you devote to the picture-borrowing scheme of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum on page 519 of your issue of March 27 is misleading and certainly does not give us the credit for being the pioneers in this, which is the case. We initiated the scheme before Lewis's, and it arose out of an idea that I tried out in a different form in the Doncaster Public Art Gallery two years before that. We have only concentrated on local artists here in so far as we are devoting all the subscriptions we obtain to purchasing the work of local artists, but the collection that we offer to lend to the public contains works by many well-known artists of the nineteenth century, and contemporaries such as Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., Lord Leighton, P.R.A., Sir David Murray, R.A., W. L. Wyllie, R.A., Sir Frank Short, R.A., Sir Hubert Herkomer, R.A., William Etty, R.A.

Bournemouth

N. L. SILVESTER

### British Empire in the Flying Age

In publishing that dreamy flubdub entitled 'The British Empire in the Flying Age', you have forfeited my respect. Sir Evelyn Wrench, in your March 6 issue, babbles his way through an Imperial fairy story, in which the good little boys get this: 'The plutocrats among us will probably fly across the Atlantic by way of the Azores for a ten days' bathing holiday at Miami in Florida, or Nassau in the British West Indies, when we wish to escape the rigours of an English winter', and the bad little boys get this: 'In future perhaps our industrial workers instead of spending all their earnings at Blackpool and Scarborough will put in, much to the benefit of their health, two or three weeks' harvesting in the Canadian West'. (The italics are mine.) Sir Evelyn in his last paragraph mentions something about trying to understand 'the other fellow's point of view'. Will you please tell him mine? Tell him that I do not think he is real. Tell him that I think he is a ghost, that he really lived some time before 1793. Does he know what kind of hard labour harvesting is?

Montreal

WILLIAM F. GRAY



### Fancy Flights in Flats

I was interested in the lay-out for flats produced by Mr. G. M. Boumphrey in your issue of March 13 and, in case your readers should be led to believe that the possibilities for small suburban house and flat architecture are not being fully explored, I



enclose a photograph of some flats in course of erection in North London. These buildings are not only modern in the sense that all the interior details serve a definite purpose, but also, in the dignity of their elevation, they are reminiscent of one of our traditional sayings, that 'an Englishman's home is his castle'. In this they express a quality of the national temperament, which is a fitting gesture of native taste in the year of such a national event as the King's Jubilee.

Horsemoor Green

P. SELWYN JAMES

### Grade A Culture and the B.B.C.

Mr. Dulac's second letter on this subject is so much the soft answer that turneth away wrath that I feel that in some sort an apology is due to him for misunderstanding his original meaning. No one is going to quarrel with his final statement that if all productions on their different planes could be infused with more richness, imagination, and closeness to life, the B.B.C.'s purpose would stand a better chance of being fulfilled: this is quite incontrovertible. But I submit that there is room for misunderstanding when Mr. Dulac on the one hand asserts that he is a practical man, and on the other uses such an expression as 'Grade A Culture' with reference to any form of entertainment. It is precisely this sort of categorisation which throws the whole matter out of perspective. Conceive of Mr. Cochran, or any other showman who knows his business, trying to persuade people to enter the theatre with an advertisement displaying 'Grade A Culture' in large type and the name of Miss Elisabeth Bergner, or some other star artist, in slightly smaller type. Imagination boggles at the thought. Why, therefore, should the B.B.C. throw away the first principles of showmanship for the sake of a label only to be appreciated by those who are probably least susceptible to entertainment?

Reduced to first principle, I have no doubt that Mr. Dulac, the Variety Director and myself are all at one in wishing to hear broadcast the best of all possible broadcasting material. The quarrel has reduced itself to one of labels. From the entertainment point of view I submit that as an expert in labels Mr. Dulac has still some distance to go!

DRAMA DIRECTOR, B.B.C.

### Authors and Booksellers

As I expected, both Mr. Stanley Unwin and Mr. Basil Blackwell decline to give the figures I asked for; and your readers are therefore at liberty to assume, as I have assumed, that the number of authors who receive royalties of 25 per cent. or more is negligible

for the purposes of this discussion. The vast majority of authors receive 10 per cent. or less. My contention is that this is not anything like adequate remuneration. But I do not assert, as my critics too readily assume, that other branches of the book-trade (particularly publishers and booksellers) are making fortunes at the author's expense. What I do assert is that the present system

of publishing, involving a whole hierarchy of middlemen all drawing their share of the spoil, involving unnecessary overlapping and competition, is hopelessly inefficient; and that it is progressively destroying decent literature because as a system it finds that it can only perpetuate itself by catering for a wider and wider public, which in general is always a less intelligent public. The decent book (and it is not merely a question of the *scholarly* book) is being squeezed out of the market, and the authors of such books, unless they possess other means, have the alternatives of giving up writing or starving. It is a clear issue; let us not obscure it by the discussion of irrelevant details.

Hampstead

HERBERT READ

As the author of two specialised text-books which have proved fairly good sellers as text-books go, I claim to have some knowledge of the subject of Authors and Booksellers. My first book took about 2,000 hours to write including the time spent in research and preparing drawings. Additional matter was supplied for an 'enlarged edition' after three years. The first edition sold out in eight years, and my royalties totalled £25.

It is understood that technical books are slow-moving lines and the price cannot be prohibitive, but there should be some greater compensation for the author, who is passing on his experience and helping his fellows to specialise in a subject. Surely he is entitled to a better return than the fiction writer, who can reel off his own opinions without having to verify every word and syllable?

Tottenham

A. T. GILBERT

### 'Stabilised Money'

Mr. R. F. Harrod's review of Professor Irving Fisher's latest book, published in your issue of March 27 under the title 'A Remedy for our Economic Confusion', contains some remarkably dogmatic statements. His italicised proposition, 'Money, our measure of value, ought to have stability of value', is so lacking in precision as to have little meaning. The concept of real value having been buried with Ricardo, the question immediately arises: 'Stability of value in terms of what?' Of the many possible answers, strong cases can be made out for stability in the prices of 'goods', of the 'factors of production', or in terms of gold—all mutually inconsistent under dynamic conditions. One of these varieties of stability having been adopted as an objective, equally controversial issues are raised by the question how this stability is to be assured.

According to Professor Fisher, stable money implies stability in the price level of a particular collection of goods. Mr. Harrod is perfectly aware that in assuming the unquestionable rightness of this definition he is begging every disputed issue in monetary theory. May I therefore emphasise that Professor Fisher's is only one particular brand of stability, for which there is no more (and possibly considerably less) to be said than for some other varieties? These, incidentally, may lead to very different canons of monetary policy, and to a precisely opposite interpretation of such matters as the monetary history of the United States during the last decade.

London, N.W. 11

W. MANNING DACEY

### Protest to Politicians

I am twenty-four years of age and have been working in an office for eight years. That means that I am just beginning to earn enough money to allow my interests to expand and develop. My personal life is a little freer to follow its own style of growth. I wonder if the politicians remember any of that when they plan to use me as cannon-fodder? When they have talked and intrigued themselves into a hopeless tangle they will tell us it is our honour and glory to die bloodily to cut the tangle! If I followed my convictions, I should be a pacifist, but I doubt whether I could face the white feathers and the prisons—if not firing parties. So it looks as if my generation is good and properly caught.

Berkeley

ERIC D. SPEIGHT



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Georgian Literary Scene

By Frank Swinnerton. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

THIS SURVEY of English literature in the last twenty-five years is very readable, but it suffers throughout from Mr. Swinnerton's inability to judge writers purely on their merits. The standing of a writer with the public is a factor which weighs heavily with Mr. Swinnerton, and we therefore find him treating the established figures of the Georgian literary scene with a consideration which, though humanly natural, is critically unhelpful. Of Shaw, for instance, he says: 'As nearly as possible, he is a selfless, a disinterested author who has worked for the destruction of error'. This may be true, but one needs more than a bare assertion to persuade one that a writer so conspicuously not condemned to the garret and broken meats of many idealists is as selfless and disinterested as Mr. Swinnerton affirms. H. G. Wells is handled with equal care. 'In spite of every gift', Mr. Swinnerton writes, 'he is deficient in that kind of imagination which even those of us who are not poets do strangely share with the poets'. It is obvious that this sentence would be more logical, and make better sense, if the first five words were omitted. When Mr. Swinnerton comes to the younger writers, his benevolence continues to be largely conditioned by the amount of public notice these writers have enjoyed. Osbert Sitwell's writing 'has a most admirable firmness and character': Sacha-verell Sitwell has 'lovely fancies about cowslips': Edith Sitwell is 'beautiful and highly mysterious': Aldous Huxley is 'busily transforming multiplicity into unity and so into wisdom': Noel Coward is 'a much admired and I think a loved dramatist'. With Noel Coward, however, Mr. Swinnerton's latent powers of criticism begin to rise to the surface. His remarks on Noel Coward's moral philosophy are interesting. 'They [he is discussing Richard Aldington as well as Coward] are driven by their sympathy for the misfits into a general arraignment of all who are wise or lucky enough to make a success of their lives upon normal lines'. Mr. Swinnerton's weakness is of the opposite kind. He is too indulgent to anyone who has had a great popular success, and so fails to distinguish sharply enough between a man of genius who, like Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, is also a best-seller, and a best-seller of talent but not of genius, like Edgar Wallace. 'Some of his books', Mr. Swinnerton says of Edgar Wallace, 'are not very good books, and . . . the best of them do not bear re-reading'. It is useless to try to soften this verdict, as Mr. Swinnerton tries, by adding that Wallace was more original than many more pretentious writers. If even a man's best work cannot be re-read, the exact degree of his originality is not worth enquiring into. It is in his character of a plain blunt man, with no nonsense about aesthetics, that Mr. Swinnerton praises Wallace, and refers disparagingly to prevailing literary fashions and 'current glibnesses'. Mr. Swinnerton does not support these attacks by naming the offenders. If he were as precise about those whom he despises as he is about those whom he admires, he would inspire a greater confidence in his intellectual honesty.

## Patterns of Culture. By Ruth Benedict Routledge. 10s. 6d.

The egocentricity of the modern white man is alarming, and is specially apparent among amateur psychologists, who seem to regard the behaviour of our small children as the way in which young human organisms are bound to behave. To these enthusiastic but uninstructed persons our ways of behaviour are Behaviour, our ways of thinking Thought, our ethics Morality. This, of course, is great nonsense. Each human organism is introduced to, and moulded by, a cultural tradition of some kind; the manner in which it behaves is for the most part a reflection of that tradition, and in the majority of cases is a determined product. There is a relativity of human affairs as well as of the physical universe, and the serious student of human affairs must learn this fact before any other fact.

Dr. Benedict's book is an essay on this theme, which she illustrates by describing in popular language certain items in the cultural tradition of the Zuni, Kwakiutl, and Dobu. In the course of her exposition she makes many excellent points, e.g. 'anthropology is the study of human beings as creatures of society'; 'culture is not a biologically transmitted complex'; etc. And for the sake of such sentences as these, as well as for its

general theme, her essay is to be heartily recommended to everyone who wishes to be introduced to the scientific study of human affairs. True, the last two chapters contain much that is second-class; and these chapters might well have been omitted, for the authoress has already said all she had to say; but for all that the book is well worth buying for the sake of the first six chapters alone, provided that its new possessor does not expect to obtain more than an introduction, and sometimes a misleading introduction, to the most fascinating subject in the world. Those who already accept the main point of the argument, and those who possess some detailed knowledge, are not likely to profit much from possessing the book, and may even find it tiresome. In the first place, the word 'culture' is used loosely, and usually seems to refer to behaviour; yet it is described as 'the ideas and standards held in common'. This kind of language reduces the value of the author's study, for the fact is that most societies are culturally stratified. Secondly, though each of us is a creature of society, we all possess the inherent power to free ourselves from the effect of our cultural environment and thus to become free creative citizens. Dr. Benedict fails to mention this most important item in the cultural process, and, indeed, speaks as if it did not exist. Thirdly, just as there is always a variety within an organic species, so there is always a variety within the cultural pattern; but Dr. Benedict does not seem to have made up her mind which is which. She fails to point out that there are many cultural patterns of which she takes no notice at all, and, on the whole, her essay does not appear to be an essay on cultural patterns but an essay on some varieties within certain patterns. She would have avoided such uncertainty if she had defined what she meant by a 'pattern'. All the same, and in spite of the psychological wanderings of the last chapters, it is stimulating to have the Zuni described as 'not neurotic' and the Kwakiutl labelled as 'paranoid'. It is also novel to have the Zuni called 'Apollonian'. Poor Spengler! On the other hand, to say that the Pueblos are 'living after the old native fashion' is surely outrageous. Why, if 'old native' means pre-Christian, it is doubtful if we know much at all about the 'old native' behaviour. Read Banelier.

## Poems. By George Barker. Faber. 6s.

Some of Mr. Barker's verse has appeared in the columns of THE LISTENER, where it has been the subject of controversy. His use of language and imagery is of a kind which may excite and fascinate before it is comprehended, as in

Large lakes unreal. Hark, I hear visitant  
Swans, and the moths in the trees  
Like minor caverns humming. There he draws  
Antennæ from paralysed spiders, weapons  
In his warlock fingers brandished: or runs  
Engendering the eventual major strength like engines  
Preparant.

Sought in their context, however, most of Mr. Barker's obscurities are clarified by subsequent readings. His poems indeed are eminently poems to buy and study at leisure, and not poems of which one immediately remarks, in passing, merely, how witty, how perfect. We must therefore be grateful for this new collection, which rather confirms and augments than fulfils the promise of his *Thirty Preliminary Poems*, reviewed here some eighteen months ago.

Mr. Barker's technical advance since then has been accompanied by a new potency of vision. The fumbling poet of 1933

Whose absolute dumbness circumscribed by sound  
Dumbfound and profoundly confounds the boundary  
Of my sense . . .

looked very like being bogged in mere verbiage: but is now held simply

In the crystal concentricities, a prisoner  
Caught in glass bonds . . .

It is perhaps himself that Mr. Barker must escape from next, for he can still mar one of the most remarkable poems of recent years with such fancies as

I wander through as through glade  
On glade of glass repeating the I.  
I continue, being unafraid.

and this shameless narcissism is both his strength and his weakness, being responsible for 'originalities' which are sometimes



vicious and sometimes valuable. In his last poem Mr. Barker employs, perhaps satirically, the diction of some of those contemporary poets from whose influence a cautious publisher's note hints that he is so conspicuously free. Its title: 'Have travelled that vernal Avenue' suggests an exercise in the Auden-Spender-Day-Lewis manner, and in the following first lines from successive stanzas

Nor does that avenue turn over mountains . . .  
Awful the tall walls consorting that direction . . .  
Hitherto lateral, the life now upward rises . . .  
Also like flies, lie buried in his blue meat . . .

there is the speed-age tone, a trick partly rhythmical, partly syntactical. The now familiar omission of articles combines in Mr. Barker's verse with the simply non-grammatical:

The figures of unprecedented I—  
and with the frankly ungrammatical:

To show like phosphoresce its lustrous passions  
to make a kind of poetic pidgin like Chinese, towards the unaffected condition of which English is advancing rapidly.

Starting often from a merely verbal idea, Mr. Barker allows his poem to flower with images, and heightens the incantatory quality of his words by telling juxtapositions—

Trailing bubbles like aerial bombs  
Or a balloon's broods

—is a good example. And if occasionally the resulting poem seems to lack an inevitable shape, and to be susceptible of extension at either end, that he can control form in a masterly manner when he wishes is evident from the straightforward sonnet on page 48. But in such work as his dramatic poem 'Dædalus', evidently distilled from something much longer, and in his extraordinary metaphysical poem, 'Elegy anticipating Death', Mr. Barker establishes himself as one of the most considerable poets now writing.

### The Post-War World. By J. Hampden Jackson Gollancz. 6s.

Within less than five hundred pages the author has aimed at compressing the political history of the years 1918-1934. It is a brilliant attempt to do the impossible. The perfect history has never been written. Sooner or later partisanship creeps in; even the best informed historian sometimes omits an essential detail. Yet judged by the standards of detachment and discrimination this book deserves a high place among contemporary histories. The theme may be too large and the period treated too short to warrant the expectation that its vogue will persist. Yet we can confidently predict for it an immediate success.

Its scope and scheme are impressive. It is divided upon a geographical conception into six parts, Europe, The Soviet Union, The Islamic States, The Far East, Africa and America. Each part is treated within its own limits as chronologically as possible. The author is prompt and up to date. Many incidents well on in the course of 1934 are chronicled. In several passages one is left feeling one has just read a newly blotted page of a diary written by a vigorous and punctual pen. Yet the writing is able rather than eloquent. Even the final sentence of the Epilogue is a confession of the fluid condition of affairs. Mr. Jackson has the right idea of history—it is a stream whose water varies its speed and its volume at different points; it is no map to which fresh sections can be added at fixed intervals. He does not shrink from stating what seems to him to be the truth, however unpalatable it may be to some readers. In discussing the Disarmament Conference: 'Great Britain had no hesitation in proclaiming submarines offensive, and tanks over 20 tons most offensive, but insisted that battleships and bombing planes were purely defensive. But all the world knew that Great Britain was weak in submarines and was said to have only one tank over 20 tons and that an old one. So that scheme was shelved. . . . Speaking of the Recovery of 1933 and 1934: 'Great Britain had made a considerable relative recovery. . . . But the recovery was only relative. . . . Many other instances could be offered to prove that this book would be for many a sound antidote to the newspapers. The Introduction significantly says its aim is to make this period intelligible to the ordinary newspaper-reading man.

Although the English reader may be tempted to fish for trenchant and pithy pronouncements upon his own country's well-being and policy, he will make a mistake if he confines his attention to those sections which apply directly to himself. The beginning of the book which deals with the Peace Conference displays an awful procession of mistakes and misfortune. We read of Wilson and his points being sacrificed to the political ex-

pediency of those who depended upon public popularity. 'The readers of the Northcliffe Press . . . wanted a vindictive peace and helped to win the election of a vindictive House of Commons. The French public wanted a vindictive peace. . . . They got the peace they desired'. Then in the chapter 'Punishing the Conquered', the distressful plight of Hungary, Austria and Germany are depicted with harrowing simplicity. But it may seem parochial to refer so much and so frequently to this corner of the world when an attempt is made to appraise a book which embraces India, the United States and the Far East. Mr. Jackson faintly praises the White Paper but adds, 'it was tainted with that Conqueror-mentality which had long vitiated British relations with Asiatic people'. We feel that a special fairness distinguishes his handling of the Manchurian question and of the League's impotence to deal with it. Japan is not arraigned or denounced; the facts are permitted to speak for themselves.

### Queen Elizabeth and Her Subjects. By A. L. Rowse and G. B. Harrison. Allen and Unwin. 5s.

This is a jolly and stimulating little book, as many readers will agree. It contains nine biographical sketches which recently took shape as broadcast talks, and all but one are good examples of the new form of 'light' literature born with the coming of the popular lecture from the master of a subject. At the end of the volume Mr. Rowse, as editor, has added a hitherto unpublished essay on 'The Elizabethan Age', wherein he contrives to sum up the series and to make some mention of his hero Drake, unhappily omitted from the previous gallery of portraits. As a west-countryman and by temperament he is a passionate admirer of the way in which the Elizabethans handled the major problems of life. They made the *Risorgimento* in the springtime of the nation's career, and the epic events of the Armada year bestowed on them that admirable self-confidence. 'Look, we have come through': Mr. Rowse lets them anticipate D. H. Lawrence's discovery of the significance of living. And so the Queen, William Cecil, Raleigh, Essex—Cardinal Allen, too, in the magnificent audacity of his protest against the shape of things that were coming—are mustered to exemplify the age of self-subsisting men and women. Dr. Harrison furnishes a shrewd study of Sir Philip Sidney in an attempt to reveal the enchantment exercised on all by a personality which, as he points out, was far from being that of a typical Elizabethan. And he writes also about three actors—Alleyn, Burbage and Kemp—about Marlowe, and about 'Some Women of the Queen's Court'. Although Dr. Harrison brings a calmer regard than his collaborator's to bear upon the active spirits of two amazing generations, neither author can be said to have much time to spare for the victims of that inspired assurance which made the fortunes of the successful *arrivistes* of the age. It may be that this silence contributes to the book's peculiar charm. There are several portraits and, considering the price, they are well produced.

### Living India. By Lady Hartog. Blackie. 3s. 6d. The Indian Struggle. By Subhas C. Bose Wishart. 12s. 6d.

Lady Hartog and Mr. Bose's books are appropriately reviewed together. Mr. Bose's narrative is not one to be read by persons without first-hand knowledge of India, for it is an *ex parte* statement which needs accurate information and a good deal of critical power in the reader if he is not to be misled. Lady Hartog's book is packed full of the sort of information which is necessary to correct Mr. Bose—well-informed, clearly written, interesting and completely objective. Had *The Indian Struggle* been written with more responsibility and in a more complete spirit of equity, it would have been a really notable book. The writer is one of the outstanding figures on the extreme Left Wing of Indian politics. He has great ability and courage, and ought to be a really good spokesman of the cause for which he pleads. But throughout the book he seems to blind himself deliberately to elements in the political situation in India, some of which, if properly stated, would destroy—indeed, would render impossible of statement—much of his argument in the book. What, for example, is the good of saying that in 1921 'the English language lost its importance, and the Congress adopted Hindi (or Hindustani) as the *lingua franca* for the whole country'? This is sheer nonsense. There can be only one *lingua franca* for India, as any honest Congressman will admit, and that language is English. This apparently small point is emphasised in this fashion because it is typical of so many in the book.



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A main objection which any knowledgeable reader of Mr. Bose's book will have is that he assumes a far greater degree of political and social homogeneity in India than, in fact, exists, and it is easy to see how this vitiates much of what he says.

Perhaps the most interesting and useful part of the book is Mr. Bose's important discussion of the differences between the late Mr. C. R. Das and Mr. Gandhi. His catalogue of Mr. Gandhi's political mistakes is true enough, but Mr. Bose overlooks the Himalayan fact of Mr. Gandhi's amazing personal influence, which was greater than that of Mr. Das. The latter, however, was a real statesman, and it is one of the tragedies of India that he died in 1925. Mr. Bose does not tell of the changes in Mr. Das' mind and outlook just before his death, when he was obviously moving towards what was then called 'responsive co-operation'. Had Mr. Das lived, it is more than likely that there would have been no room as leaders for Mr. Bose himself or for Jawaharlal Nehru. Certainly there would have been no come-back for Mr. Gandhi in 1928, with all the attendant troubles in India. But the discussion of this really vital part of his scheme is marred by the author's bias. There is so much that ought to be discussed in this book, which considerations of space prevent, but one thing must be mentioned. Mr. Bose, in discussing the Central Legislature, talks about the 'independent and impartial' attitude of Mr. Patel, first elected Indian President, who succeeded Sir Frederick Whyte as President of the Indian Legislative Assembly. Under Sir Frederick Whyte's tuition, the Indian Legislative Assembly became a body to which every member felt it an honour to belong. Sir Frederick himself brought the best traditions of the Mother of Parliaments to his work, and everybody, from the Leader of the House to the most extreme Congressman, had faith in his rulings and respect for him. Mr. Patel altered all that. He was in fact, if not in name, the Leader of the Opposition, while he occupied the Presidential Chair.

Lady Hartog's book, of course, has a completely different objective from Mr. Bose's. Her only concern with politics is to give a clear and informative account of the system of administration as it is today, and this will be found by readers to be as valuable as anything they could find in a short compass of this subject. The book begins with an extraordinarily interesting account of the land, the people and the religions of India, goes on to a most successfully compressed account of the main features in India's history, and finishes with a number of chapters on life and work in the countryside and in the towns. Not the least valuable part of the book is her chapter on the Indian States. Lady Hartog writes with a deep knowledge of India, gained not only from residence there but from years of active work in various organisations connected mostly with the life of Indian women. She writes with sympathy and insight, but also with detached judgment, which gives the reader an instinctive feeling of confidence in what she says. It is no exaggeration to say that this is one of the most valuable books on India which have appeared within the last decade. Its price brings it within the reach of everyone, and nobody should miss it.

#### From Tradition to Gospel. By Martin Dibelius Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.

This book is the classical presentation of the new method of Gospel criticism which has sprung up in Germany since the War, and which is described as 'form-criticism'. Previous critical study of the Synoptists had concerned itself mainly with the literary relationships to each other of our present Gospels, which are generally believed to have taken shape, roughly, between 70 and 90 A.D.; but 'form-criticism' endeavours to go back behind all written documents, and to re-construct the phases through which the tradition of the life of Christ may be deemed to have passed during the pre-literary epoch, between, say, 30 and 70 A.D. These phases it deems to have been determined by certain 'Forms' into which popular, floating, and pre-scientific tradition naturally falls ('Paradigms' or stories meant to lead up to a Saying, 'Tales', 'Legends'); and the historic reliability of each section is evaluated accordingly, in the light of the following assumptions: (1) That as the earliest Christians expected the end of the world at any moment they cannot have had any strictly historical interests: (2) That the only motive which could have induced them to interest themselves in the life and sayings of Christ at all would be a desire to point the moral of a sermon effectively. (3) That inasmuch as what matters to the preacher is the rhetorical force of the anecdotes which he relates rather than their exact historical truth, there would be a strong tendency for stories to be 'touched up' and even invented for

propagandist purposes. (4) That the possibility of a real occurrence of the 'miraculous' is out of the question.

Even so, the cogency of many of our author's arguments depends upon the initial assumption of the inerrancy of the 'form-critic's' intuitions as to what is or is not inherently possible. Thus, for the ordinary reader, no incident in the Gospels bears the stamp of objective reality more clearly than the story of Gethsemane; but Dr. Dibelius, having assumed, for some unexplained reason, that it cannot represent historical fact, pronounces it to be a 'Tale', generated by the consciousness of the primitive church out of its study of the Psalms, with their pathetic appeals for deliverance. To those who do not share these assumptions, it will naturally seem that the *formgeschichtliche* method is not really a method of scientific inquiry at all; it is merely an elaborate screen behind which the critic is able to re-write the Gospel story in accordance with his own preconceived ideas.

For the professional theologian who wishes to learn at first hand the outlines of the latest product of German ingenuity, this book will be useful in the highest degree; but the ordinary educated Englishman, who merely desires to have some account of what is agreed upon concerning the origins of the Gospels by sober and responsible scholarship throughout the world, will be well advised to leave it on one side, and follow the guidance of Streeter's *Four Gospels*, or of some other standard work of established reputation.

#### The Magic Gate of the Sahara By Angelo Piccioli. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

The whole book is written in unconnected sections of a few paragraphs each, dished up in one or more sections to the chapter, with thirty-six chapters in 291 pages of text. What continuity there might be between the sections is broken by dots and a space across the page. However good 'pen pictures' may be—and some of them in this case are very good—a whole book made up in this way is tiresome and irritating even if it does not pretend to be more than it is, a purely descriptive travel book on Tripolitania designed to convey 'atmosphere'.

The author visited Tripoli and went on a motor trip as far south as Ghadames. What he writes of the races he met and the lands he saw, with the modification of a few names and facts, would be equally applicable to Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Palestine, Syria, or indeed any of the Muslim countries in the Near or Middle East. Either he had not, or else he has not given his readers, much knowledge or lore of the country. The omissions are striking even in such a 'travel book'. One would have liked to hear about the famous Limes Tripolitanus—the Roman defences against the raiders of the south. The Tuareg of the Fezzan seem to mean little to the writer. That Tripoli was one of the most famous gateways to Equatorial Africa: what the Tripolitan pirates did and how Dragut fought and died: the tragedies and epics of the Italian occupation—these are all subjects of intense interest which the author has sacrificed for a string of pen pictures in the manner of Loti or Farrère but without their background. The one outstanding thing about the whole book is the high quality of Mr. Angus Davidson's translation; a difficult task and not least difficult in the case of a florid tongue written by a florid author. The photographs are excellent.

#### The Hedge Schools of Ireland. By P. J. Dowling Talbot Press. 10s. 6d.

The Reformation and the Penal Laws in Ireland between them virtually outlawed the native stock. Catholic schools were forbidden to exist. The result was that up to about 1829, the date of Catholic Emancipation, there arose the highly interesting phenomenon of outlaw schools, conducted under the hedges, or in barns, or stables; by a species of 'wandering scholar'. Often the native Gaelic poets were teachers. Hitherto, our best picture of these strange schools has been Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. The whole field is examined in the present book with care; and it actually is, in effect, an account of the first efforts of the native Irish to educate themselves along the lines of modern democracy.

We now have materials for a good preliminary study of the makings of modern Ireland—Lecky, from the English point of view; Corkery's *Hidden Ireland*, from the old Gaelic hierophantic point of view; and this book, from the point of view of the latter-day popular movements that produced modern Anglo-Ireland.



## New Novels

*The Stars Look Down.* By A. J. Cronin. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.  
*National Velvet.* By Enid Bagnold. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.  
*Diary from a Dustbin.* By H. B. Creswell. Faber. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

**D**R. CRONIN'S latest novel would be an admirable text for a disquisition on melodrama. One generally thinks of melodrama as full of violent colour with a predominance of red: actually it is often drab. One expects the emotions of the characters to be flamboyant and the dialogue to be in the 'Curfew shall not ring tonight' style: both may be quite conventional. The thing that really distinguishes melodrama is a mechanical use of the imagination. If a strict father, having discovered that his unmarried daughter is going to have a child, drives her from his house, that is not necessarily melodrama: it only becomes melodrama if he drives her out at midnight during a snowstorm. This happened in Dr. Cronin's first book, *Hatter's Castle*, and a great many of the occurrences in the present story are of the same kind, though less violent. For instance, there is a pit-disaster where, among many other dismal circumstances, the snow reappears; indeed it may be claimed that melodrama can still be judged by its employment of snow, floods, sea storms and other watery upheavals, with fires coming a good distance behind; for melodrama is conservative and depends on old and well-tried things. It is really a sort of short-cut to the universal, achieved by a facile and too logical use of thought association and a comprehensive disregard of probability. The thought associations work somewhat like this. Driven from home (helpless); into a dark world (midnight); into a cold world (snow). In the same way a good character becomes entirely good, like David in the present story, and a bad character quite bad, like his enemy, the infamous Joe. A story constructed on such lines cannot help having a kind of logical unity, determined by the author's view of life. Dr. Cronin is unlike most writers of melodrama in having a genuinely pessimistic view of life. Accordingly Joe, the bad man, ends by being rich, respected and triumphant, while David, the good man, sinks after a vain struggle to the status of an ordinary miner. Similarly the vain and discontented Jenny, who begins as Joe's mistress, graduates as David's wife, and leaves him to try her fortunes in gay London, finishes her existence in the Lock Hospital. That is how things happen in a world ruled by well-tried and automatically working thought associations. All this makes the book extraordinarily fascinating as a sort of model from which the laws of melodrama might be deduced.

*The Stars Look Down* is the nearest approach to *Hatter's Castle* that Dr. Cronin has written since that famous book. It has, like *Hatter's Castle*, moments of genuine tragedy in which the reminiscences of melodrama are burnt away. It has, by virtue of the author's fanatical faith in a mechanical view of life, an unusual power to keep one's attention. It is in a sense poetical: that is, in as far as it is not merely a comment on contemporary themes, but takes universals into account. These universals are clichés, it is true, but clichés in which there is every evidence that Dr. Cronin believes. The events in the story are on a grand scale. Jenny is seduced by Joe and betrays David, who trusts her. Richard Barras, the strong man, a somewhat watered-down version of the hero of *Hatter's Castle*, sends the workers in his mine to a lode which he knows to be dangerous, denies that he did so at the enquiry after the disaster, and thereafter suffers a dreadful moral change. Arthur, his son, who had worshipped him as a boy, begins to guess at his secret, and acts strangely. War comes, then conscription. Arthur refuses to enlist (for he is still brooding over the pit disaster), but Richard Barras is chairman of the local Tribunal, father and son face each other, and Arthur, still refusing, goes to prison. When he comes out Arthur gets proof of his father's crime and confronts him with it: Richard Barras has a stroke and his right side is paralysed. Arthur, now with the business in his hands, makes the mine the best and safest in the country. But Joe, having meanwhile dodged the War and become a rich capitalist, inveigles Arthur into a wily contract, ruins him, and himself becomes the owner of the mine in which he once worked. David, who has risen to be a Labour member of Parliament, is next beaten by Joe at a general election. The miners, discontented with Arthur's improvements, wreck the mine, and Richard Barras, still paralysed, drags himself out of bed, reels

and crawls towards his ruined mine, and dies on the way. Jenny expires in the Lock Hospital. David returns to the mine like his father before him. The interesting thing about this is the exactitude of mechanical imagination. Joe the miner not only becomes rich but the owner of the mine where he started work; Arthur the mine-owner not only becomes poor but a worker in his own mine, now the property of Joe. Intense emotional excitement in such books causes strokes, and so Richard has a stroke. Elections are not fought between men of different political opinions but between lifelong enemies, and so Joe has to be David's opponent at the election. Snow has to fall at moments of great calamity, and it duly falls. All this is almost undiluted thought association used mechanically. As that it is certainly impressive in a way, impressive by virtue of its infallibility; but it has nothing to do with reality or with literature.

*National Velvet* is a very charming but a very disconcerting book. Velvet Brown, a girl of fourteen with a passion for horses, dreams of winning the Grand National with a piebald that she won for a shilling in a raffle. Her dream comes true; she wins, is disqualified, and for a few days becomes the heroine of the public and the Press. The description of the Brown household with the four daughters, the taciturn mother who once swam the Channel but is now fat and muscle-bound, and the charming little boy Donald is full of a warm and glowing poetry which trembles on the brink of sentimentality and sometimes splashes over. The passages about the horses are superb and in themselves worth reading the book for. But one is often in danger of coming on paragraphs such as this; it is from an intimate conversation between Mrs. Brown and Velvet:

'Lots o' nonsense,' said Mrs. Brown. 'talked about growing up.' She stepped into her princess petticoat and drew it up. 'Tie me,' she said. The candle in the red candlestick drowned itself in fat and went out. 'Childbirth,' said the voice, gruff and soothing, talking to the star and to the child (and the child knelt at the strings of the petticoat). 'An' being in love. An' death. You can't know 'em till you come to know 'em. No use guessing and dreading. You kin call it pain. . . . But what's pain? Depends on who you are an' how you take it. Tie that bottom string looser. Don't you dread nothing, Velvet'.

It is hard to account for such a passage as this in the work of an intelligent and sensitive writer like Miss Bagnold. The main beauty of the story lies in its atmosphere: the atmosphere of the Brown family with its four growing girls and the atmosphere of horses. The household is sentimentalised fairly thoroughly, the horses far less so; and the piebald who wins the Grand National is a genuine creation. In spite of its exasperating faults this book is worth reading.

*Diary from a Dustbin* is within its limited scope very good indeed. The diarist is Mervyn Spinnerbrook, a mean, stupid, cunning, acquisitive, solemn rascal who barefacedly cheats all his friends, steals, embezzles, forges, and can never make out why people dislike him. The diary covers about one year towards the end of last century, and is abruptly broken off; presumably because some of Mr. Spinnerbrook's friends were looking for him. Mervyn's distinguishing quality is a spritely meanness, his chief secondary quality ineffectuality; and he remains true to them even in his bungling and half-hearted attempts to poison his mother to get her money. Why the story of such a figure should be entertaining it is hard to say; perhaps because it is such an open display of plodding and unsuccessful roguery: if Mervyn were actually successful he would be unendurable. The style of the book is brilliantly sustained, and the whole story, except for the episode of Miss Judy, which is somewhat artificial, runs on as naturally as possible from one piece of petty villainy to another, until one feels that this particular kind of character has never been so well described before. The book will not be to everybody's taste; but it is a piece of genuine original humour, and I heartily recommend it.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *O, These Men, These Men!* by Angela Thirkell (Hamish Hamilton); *The Balzacettes*, Anonymous (Hamish Hamilton); *Happy Man*, by Hermann Kesten (Bodley Head); and *February Hill*, by Victoria Lincoln (Faber)—all at 7s. 6d.